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# A Chain of 'Listeners'

*To the Editor*

*Sir,*

*Violet Markham writes: 'In the capitalist countries the various organs of the press cancel each other out . . .'. Do they? Various organs exist, of course; but they would only cancel out, surely, if we all read them all. If I read one one-sided paper every day, and you read its opposite, you and I may cancel out—so far as our votes are concerned—but neither of us is going to be particularly well informed. Both our minds are going to suffer from a degree of dictatorship.*

*The main viewpoints expressed in the various organs should be available in one organ. We need a chain of morning and evening* Listeners.

*Yours, etc.,*

*Batley* *R. WARD*


# The Listener

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# THE FORTNIGHTLY

JULY, 1948

## THE DISASTER OF MUNICH, 1938-1948

By ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

THE Munich Agreement was signed ten years ago. It was rapidly blotted out of the foreground of public consciousness by more tremendous and exhilarating events. But now as it takes its place on the horizon of history its proportions have become disagreeably magnified. The evil that men do lives after them. The Conference at Munich on September 29, 1938, probably did more than any other single incident to create a gulf of suspicion between the U.S.S.R. and the countries of the west, and no amount of common victories over Hitler have been able to close it.

It is time, then, to reconsider the history of 1938. Hitherto a wealth of fragmentary information has been available, but we have been without a satisfying synthesis to enable us to grasp the full significance of the Munich Agreement. Nothing, indeed, could have been more timely than Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's book* on the subject; taken in conjunction with Professor Namier's account of the year which followed Munich, it provides the reading public with ample evidence upon which to judge the makers of Munich. Mr. Wheeler Bennett has, of course, examined the captured German documents and the Czechoslovak archives.†

To anyone who had been able to make himself familiar with the Czechoslovak scene in the 'thirties it was clear that the Sudeten Germans and their backers in the German *Reich*, lavish though they were in assertions that they aimed only at Czech-German reconciliation, were in fact working to bring about a ruthless German domination in Central Europe for a start. Later, during the war itself, they admitted this unblushingly. If this were so Munich could but encourage their villainy and hasten, as it did, the German entry into Prague. It seemed so shameful that Britain and France should have contributed to this that one suspended judgment —there must have been extenuating circumstances, one thought, which history would reveal. But now history does nothing of the kind. There were no extenuating circumstances except that Mr. Chamberlain was ignorant and therefore credulous and that Monsieur Daladier was weak.

The "Munichois" claimed that the Czechs would be better off without the territories which they lost to Hitler in the autumn of 1938, and that

*_Munich. Prologue to Tragedy_, by John W. Wheeler-Bennett. Macmillan. 25s.
_Diplomatic Prelude_ by L. B. Namier. Macmillan. 18s.

†For those who are determined to read the other available documents, _Nazi-Soviet Relations_, published by the Department of State adds to the White, Blue and Yellow books published by other Governments; the Russians themselves have recently added to the mass of such publications.

Czech-German relations would be improved by the abandonment of Bohemia's traditional frontiers. Within three weeks, however, of heading the four signatures to the Munich Agreement, Hitler signed a secret directive with plans for the breaking of all Czech resistance in Bohemia and Moravia. This was child's play now for, by the terms of Munich, the Czechs had lost not only their natural mountain defences but also the extremely efficient fortifications with which they had supplemented nature.

They had lost a great deal besides. Adolf Hitler systematically subjected his enemies to a preliminary bombardment of threats and rumours and propaganda which terrified all those who lacked clarity and courage, but which was even more accomplished in the skill whereby it achieved the demoralization of the clear-sighted and the brave. In the case of the Czechs in 1938 he was able to go far towards breaking their spirit with a little manipulation of the attitude of the British and the French, so that the suffocation of being betrayed by their friends descended upon the Czechs so insidiously that it became impossible for them to save themselves ; they must have felt very much like the Jewish victims of the Nazis who were told outside the gas chamber that they were going to have a nice bath.

It is often forgotten that the Czechs are consciously and proudly Slav by way of avoiding submersion in a Great-German sea ; for a century, now, a Pan-Slav movement among them has ebbed and flowed in strength. For this reason it is misleading to compare the present day reactions of an anti-Slav country like Italy with those of Czechoslovakia. Even the Slovaks, who sometimes followed a Polish lead out of anti-Czech resentment, rejected the anti-Russian resentments of the Poles. It is true that the great Czech patriot, Palacký, at one time advocated a predominantly Slav Austria as a counterpoise to Russia, but after the Austrian Compromise with Hungary in 1867 he was forced to abandon this idea. The Western sympathies of Thomas Masaryk and Edvard Beneš were regarded with suspicion by traditionalists, but neither the Masaryks nor Dr. Beneš would ever have considered it possible for Czech policy to be anti- Russian. It was Dr. Beneš who was chiefly instrumental in bringing about the Czech-Russian treaty in May 1935, a fortnight after the Franco-Russian treaty had been signed in Moscow. The Czech treaty with Russia was no more than a pendant to the French one, but when the Germans, both within Czechoslovakia and without, took umbrage and ordered Prague to give it up, the Czech-Russian treaty became a symbol of the national independence of the Czechs.

The first condition of the Munich Conference was the abandonment of the Czech-Russian Treaty and the exclusion of Russia from the discussions, while its foregone conclusion was the appearance of Hitler in the Hradschin on March 15, 1939, to declare that Czechoslovakia had ceased to exist. In the nineteenth century the Czechs had regarded the Habsburgs as foreign tyrants, but now they found themselves at the mercy of a Pan-German fanatic who had habitually denounced the Habsburgs for the indulgence

considered them to have shown to their Slavs.

All through the crisis which preceded the Munich Conference the ussians had behaved, as Mr. Wheeler-Bennet says, " impeccably "—at is to say the U.S.S.R., though only bound by treaty to march if France t the example, was prepared to fight if the Czechs were attacked ; she ot only declared her readiness, but Mr. Wheeler-Bennett considers the idence that she intended to keep her word conclusive. Thus the vious result of Munich was to cause the Czechs to react bitterly against e west and to fling themselves psychologically into the arms of Russia. ne physical presence of the Russians when Czechoslovakia came to be erated seemed to complete the triumph of the Slavophils in Prague.

As a matter of fact, after the collapse of France, the free Czechoslovak overnment had necessarily been based on Britain (Russia being at peace ith Germany at the time), and when Dr. Benes returned to Czecho-vakia he returned from the hospitality of the country which was perhaps ost responsible for the humiliations he had endured at the time of unich. The sociological structure of the Czech lands of Bohemia d Moravia was, moreover, western rather than eastern, and this impeded e progress the Czech Communists hoped to make and impelled them wards what would seem like the petulant coup of February 1948. But hough the west has been winning back Czech support in the last year or , thanks to Munich it is rash to presume that the Czech Communists ve not considerable backing in their country. It seems certain that ideten German conspirators are active in the American Zone of Germany, d the Czechs may be willing to pay a heavy price—how heavy the simple ople may not care—to be aligned with Russia if they feel that the mericans, who were shocked by Munich at the time, have now joined e ranks of the " Munichois ". Certainly Dr. Gottwald is wise to refer equently to 1938.

While its defenders had believed that Munich provided a solution of the ech-German question they had also claimed that the Agreement had d the spectre of war. During the winter of 1938 to 1939, as Mr. heeler-Bennett points out, they shifted their ground, and the case for unich changed into the necessity to gain time in order to prepare for ar. But the harm done by Munich both to the prestige of Great Britain d to the principles of political freedom may have been so great that it uld not even be repaired by victory over Hitler. It was the Munich greement which made men feel that Britain was no longer great. In e tremendous struggle of the war which followed, Britain was bliged to realize her foreign assets and so to exhaust her other reserves strength that she has now to go through the painful adjustment of cepting economic rank which is no longer great. But the moral blow Munich had preceded this and was no gentler. All over Europe, and pecially in eastern Europe, people felt that the western political aims

they had pursued for a century and thought to realize in 1918 had bee exposed as meaningless hypocrisy. Some turned to Hitlerism whic seemed to guarantee success, and others to Communism which seemed t provide a short cut to that social justice which they felt that the democrat with their vested interests had betrayed. The Peace of Munich, perhaps did not do much less than Russia's military endurance later to establis Russian power in eastern Europe as it reigns to-day ; every slip made b British foreign policy or by the western armies of occupation on th Continent since the war has been more easily exploited by Communis propaganda in consequence ; the fair name of Britain, which had bee restored, could be more easily defiled.

It may well be argued that Mr. Chamberlain's policy in 1938 has bee fully justified by the post-war hostility of Soviet Russia. It can be claime that the Litvinov policy of co-operation with the democratic powers wa nothing but a ruse to gain time for the massing of the revolutionar forces which were to bring down the fortress of capitalism. Mr. Wheeler Bennett writes :

> Both Lenin and Stalin knew well enough that by their actions and their policies the had declared an ideological war upon the rest of the world ; a war which was deathless a war which, though there might be long periods of truce, could not be conclude until one side or the other had gone down to irrevocable defeat. . . . In thes circumstances, the watchwords of the Soviet Union had become " Suspicion " an " Security "—suspicion of all men and security for Russia—and this formula ha guided every Soviet act throughout the Munich crisis and long before.

This supposes that M. Litvinov was a mere tool who could never hav represented any living tendencies in Russia. If so a British Conservativ leader had either to make common cause with Hitler, as M. Bonnet woul have liked to do on behalf of France, or to accept Russia's bluff and blu back ; that is, so long as she behaved impeccably she should have bee treated impeccably. But Mr. Chamberlain's policy was literally the wors he could have chosen. The one power which behaved with internationa correctness by League of Nations standards was brusquely excluded fro the deliberations at Munich. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett has reproduced i his book one of the most important cartoons which Mr. Low was eve inspired to draw, with Marshal Stalin standing in the doorway smilin prophetically at the Munich Four as he asks : " What, no chair for me ? Mr. Chamberlain had already let it be known that his favourite solutio of things would be that Germany and Russia should eat one another up This gave the Russians a plausible case for almost anything that the might subsequently choose to do. When in the following spring th British Government came begging to Moscow for a military allianc against Germany after all, the Russians had the laugh and they made Pact with Hitler instead of with Mr. Chamberlain.

With the detailed history of the making of Munich before one, one i bound to ask oneself at this ten years' distance why this pitiable thing wa done ? What made it possible ? Two main causes emerge—a genuin

d civilized loathing of war in the west and a credulity on the part of the itish politicians of the day which became almost criminal by its results. he two things were inter-related yet distinguishable from one another. oth had contributed to the lamentable state of military weakness—pecially in the air—in which France and Britain found themselves. The ench leaders were not deceived by Hitler as Mr. Chamberlain was; . Daladier was tragically aware of the state of things, but, as Mr. Wheeler nnett says, " he had not the strength of character to apply the drastic easures necessary to remove the evils which surrounded him. He eferred to shift the onus of responsibility elsewhere rather than to purge s entourage." As for Monsieur Bonnet, he knew well enough that he eferred Hitler to Léon Blum.

The result of the French states of mind was that Paris was thankful to t London shoulder the heaviest responsibilities and in 1938, in demo-atic Britain, this in fact meant the arbitrary action of a man who was holly unfamiliar with the problems with which he was called upon to al. " European peace is what I am aiming at and I hope this journey ay be the way to get it," said Mr. Chamberlain to the journalists at eston as he left for Godesberg, and Mr. Wheeler-Bennett does homage the strenuous exertions of the elderly premier. Neville Chamberlain as a typical provincial Englishman. He was not absolutely ignorant some of the facts about Europe on paper. But he was utterly unaware Continental habits and emotions—he lacked all continental criteria. his dislike for ungloved revolutionaries, for instance, he failed to stinguish between National Socialism and Communism, the first a chnique of domination, disguised with propaganda, tinged with hysteria, ut innocent of doctrine, with which the second was overladen.

That a Prime Minister should represent the average Englishman's oint of view is a very good thing provided that he accepts the principle the solidarity of the Cabinet, and acts, in foreign affairs, according to the lvice of his Foreign Secretary. In his eagerness to safeguard European ace, however, Mr. Chamberlain forgot all about his constitutional bligations and this made a large part of the disaster, for the Foreign ffice was not unaware of the state of Europe. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett minds us that the Foreign Office was obliged to retreat before the peasing press in combination with the appeasing Prime Minister. "It as a matter of some remark," he writes of the Berchtesgaden trip, " that e Prime Minister should be accompanied by the Chief Industrial, and ot the Chief Diplomatic, Adviser to the British Government on a journey hich involved so delicate an act of diplomacy as the vivisection of another untry." It seems, indeed, that Mr. Chamberlain had never been aware his constitutional obligations at all. Not long ago extracts were blished in the Italian press of a despatch from Grandi to Rome, a spatch now released by the Italian Foreign Office. It was written on

February 19, 1938, the day after an important interview he had had with Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Eden. If Grandi is to be believed—and he could scarcely have risked fabrications of such a kind—Mr. Chamberlain asked the Fascist ambassador to refute Mr. Eden's views in Mr. Eden's presence, and both before and after their meeting sent him private messages behind Mr. Eden's back. In fact he forced Mr. Eden to resign in order to have no more serious trouble from the Foreign Office. It was all part of his naïveté. He seems to have believed that the professionals were creating unnecessary complications and that all that was needed was a little amateur common sense.

Rudeness to the Russians was one thing, but in these circumstances insults to the Czechs were quite another. Apart from the "political blackmail" involved in the mission of the inexpert Lord Runciman, it was characteristic that in the Munich Agreement itself (article 8) the Czechoslovak Government was obliged to release all Sudeten German political prisoners within four weeks. These men were mostly professional Nazi gangsters. At the same time nothing was done for the rescue of Czech political prisoners in Germany who had usually been arrested on some flimsy excuse and were at the mercy of the Gestapo with whose brutality the Czech police were unable to compete.

In concluding that Munich was "inescapable" Mr. Wheeler-Bennett somehow succeeds in suggesting to his readers that it was not. After all we now know definitely that the German General Staff considered Germany still too weak to fight the western powers at that time. A more desperate situation than that in which we found ourselves in the summer of 1940 could scarcely have been created by war in 1938.

Mr. Wheeler-Bennett points the moral and adorns the tale: while his book is admirable as a technical achievement, it is also eminently readable. He lacks the facility of Mr. Trevor-Roper, indeed he is sometimes clumsy and often lengthy, but his characters have great vitality, especially the villains of the piece. We become intensely aware of Georges Bonnet's sinister intrigues and intensely aware of the bestiality of Hitler himself "snarling like an animal" three days before he unleashed the dogs of war. I am not sure that one feels the Führer's inspired madness quite enough—he was essentially a psychotic, surely, not a neurotic, and essentially a chauvinistic Austrian. The saints and heroes are fainter in outline, but one feels the tired strength of Dr. Beneš. Something of the exquisite quality of Jan Masaryk, too, is here in this book, some of it in his own words in the Czechoslovak Note of rejection dated September 25, 1938. Three days later when Mr. Chamberlain had announced that he was going to Munich Jan Masaryk was received by the British Premier and Foreign Secretary. "If you have sacrificed my nation to preserve the peace of the world, I will be the first to applaud you," he said. "But if not, gentlemen, God help your souls."

# THE NEW EASTERN EUROPE

By Tibor Mende

THE eastern Europe which had a flourishing culture and a period of greatness long before Atlantic trade secured the final supremacy of the west, found itself at the cross-roads at the end of the 1939-1945 war. For the first time in the region's history peasant revolt coincided with the shattering of the established framework of society. This came together with the increasing realization that in the twentieth century no community can remain predominantly agricultural without suffering exploitation from industrial powers; all this, moreover, after it was demonstrated in the Soviet Union that a new economic approach can go a long way to remedy nationalist and racial rivalries. The cumulative effect of these influences was the desire to revise on a regional scale past attitudes, to rectify errors and to attempt a new departure along new lines.

The seven countries participating in the enterprise formed the mosaic of small and dependent sovereignties at the mercy of more or less artificially nursed nationalist and racial obsessions. In addition, they were divided by the microcosmic absurdities of megalomaniac economic nationalism. As a consequence all seven were joint victims of their arrested development and its by-product: an abnormally low standard of living, which east of Vienna is between a third and a fourth of the average west of the Rhine.

From a primitive agrarian economy the countries of eastern Europe are to advance to rationally organized and fairly industrialized societies within a short space of years. This industrial revolution is following in the wake of the political and social changes of the past few years. Great political and social changes in the countries of western Europe did not precede but were the consequence of their respective industrial revolutions, and this reversal is largely due to regional circumstances. Most decisive among them is the rôle occupied by Germany and Russia in the history of the seven countries of eastern Europe. While German influence, decisive up to 1939, retarded the industrialization of the region, the influence of the Soviet Union is not inconsistent with such development. In fact it tends to help it. Thus, it would appear that while German influence perpetuated the basic reason for the region's poverty, in the long run, the influence of the Soviet Union is likely to remove it.

All seven eastern European countries have adopted comprehensive development plans since the end of the war. The five-year plans of

Albania and Yugoslavia will be completed in 1951; Poland's and Hungary's three-year plans expire in 1949; Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria will accomplish their two-year plans before the end of 1949. Rumania's three-year plan will be launched this year. All of these plans indicate the volume and composition of capital investment to be undertaken during the period of each. They establish production targets for individual industries, indicate raw material and manpower needs, the prospective level of national output and the allocation of this output between capital expenditure, public and private consumption.

With the exception of Czechoslovakia all the eastern European countries suffered from severe rural over-population resulting in a low level of productivity. No wonder, therefore, if the remedies proposed in the plans are to a large extent analogous. Industrialization is the basic principle. The utilization in industrial development of their surplus labour with particular emphasis on those industries which process domestic raw materials, is the second. Thirdly, there is a tendency to reduce dependence on a few principal crops which in the past exposed the eastern European countries to the instability of world grain markets. In agricultural plans emphasis is placed on the improvement of techniques of cultivation—through irrigation, mechanization and education—while in the industrial plans the development of basic industries—electric power, coal and steel—is in the foreground.* The mutual aim of all is to restore industrial and agricultural output to their pre-war level and then to increase this progressively to new heights. To achieve this second part of the programme new plans are already in preparation.

The tempo of industrialization is most marked in the Yugoslav five-year plan. Manufacturing mining and transport investments in that country amount to nearly seventy per cent. of all investments planned. During the five years Yugoslavia wants to increase her industrial production by 223 per cent. and agricultural output to fifty-two per cent. compared to output in 1939. This includes a 7.5-fold increase in siderurgical, metallurgical and engineering production, eight-fold increase in the building industry, nine-fold in the chemical and four-fold in the power industries.† The Polish three-year plan intends to raise manufacturing production by fifty-two per cent., capital goods industries by 150 per cent. and consumer goods industries by twenty-five per cent above the 1938 level. The Hungarian three-year plan hopes to raise industrial production by twenty-seven per cent. over the 1938 level while agricultural production has to attain ninety-one per cent. of that in 1938. This involves an increase of fifty-four per cent. in the output of the iron, metal and engineering

*In the field of electric power total output of the region by 1951 will be more than double the pre-war figure. The production of aluminium in Hungary in 1949 is planned at 12,000 tons compared with the pre-war output of only 1,300 tons. Here, as in Yugoslavia, the object is to process a much larger proportion of the metals inside the country.

†In Yugoslavia the participation of industrial production in national income will amount to sixty-four per cent. as against forty-five per cent. in 1939.

industries ; forty per cent. in the chemical industry ; forty-three per cent. in electric power output and twenty-five per cent. in the production of textiles over the 1938 figures. Czechoslovakia in her two-year plan provides for an increase of ten per cent. in industrial output over 1937 while the level of agricultural production would remain unchanged. The Bulgar two-year plan prescribes a thirty-four per cent. increase in industrial output and an equal expansion in agriculture. Ore mining is to increase nine times while coal mining and power generation have to double.

By 1949 all these countries hope to have reached or exceeded their pre-war national income. Yugoslavia's target for 1951 is nearly twice as large as in 1939. Bulgaria wishes to attain a national income level in 1948 fifty per cent. higher than in 1939. Poland expects by 1949 a national income one-sixth more than that produced by a far larger population in 1938. Czechoslovakia and Hungary both plan a national income ten to fifteen per cent. higher by the end of their first post-war economic plans than they had in 1938. Similarly, by the time these various reconstruction and development plans are completed, the countries hope to have reached a higher standard of living than they enjoyed before 1939.

To accomplish all this Yugoslavia, Albania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Poland plan capital expenditure amounting in the aggregate to eleven billion dollars or an annual expenditure of some three billion dollars, primarily for the development of manufacturing industry, mining and transportation. Against the £68 share of each of the 250 million recipients of the seventeen billion dollar Marshall-plan aid, the capital investment share of the sixty-five million eastern Europeans amounts to $169. (Rumania, whose plan is not yet published, is not included). While the former will be provided in the form of grants and loans with specified conditions, the latter will be extracted from each country's own national income. Poland is the only one of the six planning countries which proposes to carry out part of the investments—twenty per cent. or $400 million—by means of foreign loans. Though they did not provide for it in their calculations, all the others admit that such help would greatly assist and accelerate the execution of their plans. The considerable sacrifices involved would tax the endurance even of communities with much higher standards of living. Without such sacrifices in the immediate standard of living Poland would be unable to yield a fifth of her national income for direct investment in three successive years after a war that caused such terrible destruction. The required savings are even higher in the case of Yugoslavia where, in the fifth year of the plan, it reaches twenty-seven per cent. of the national income. In the Czechoslovak plan the yearly rate of investments is sixteen, in Hungary nine and for Bulgaria seven per cent. of the national income.* The

*Reparation obligations explain the low percentage of investments in the Hungarian plan. Investments together with reparations and other international obligations represent an aggregate savings ratio of sixteen to twenty per cent. of her national income.

proportion of gross capital formation in Great Britain, a country with incomparably higher living standards than in pre-war or especially post-war eastern Europe, was fourteen per cent. in 1938.

Unlike the case of the Soviet Union, where only a minor part of total output enters external trade, such trade is essential to the success of the eastern European economic plans. The actual degree of their realization will depend to a considerable extent on the mutual consistency of these schemes and, perhaps even more, on the availability of imports and the marketability of their exports.

These first series of national plans were born under conditions of a greater or lesser degree of national emergency. As a result their primary considerations were national with regional integration occupying only second place. While there are indications that the second series will pay much greater attention to such regional needs, already there are significant examples of dove-tailing and regional harmonization. The current Polish and Czechoslovak plans, for instance, appear to be complementary in many respects. There is considerable co-operation between the two countries concerning the exchange of Polish coal for Czechoslovak finished steel and in both the joint exploitation of river traffic and the Polish Baltic ports. There are similarly significant attempts in the harmonizing of the Yugoslav and Hungarian plans. In exchange for industrial equipment Yugoslavia is supplying Hungary with large quantities of raw materials essential to the execution of the Hungarian three-year plan. The recently concluded network of trade pacts between the eastern European countries lays down the quantities of goods to be exchanged for a longer period, usually five years, and provides for considerable credit transactions. The agreements concluded by Yugoslavia with Hungary and the Soviet Union and the last's pact with Poland are typical examples.

The outlines of a carefully thought out regional economic integration are already emerging. Equipment for heavy industry, fuel, raw materials, communications facilities and even labour are more and more carefully fitted in this regional plan as it is taking shape in the network of trade, financial and barter agreements between the seven countries of eastern Europe. Hungary gets ore from the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia, coal from Poland and machinery from Czechoslovakia. Yugoslavia is in greatest need of capital equipment for her iron and steel industry and non-ferrous metal industry from Hungary, Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union, and of coal from Poland. Poland, the region's principal coal supplier, obtains finished steel from Czechoslovakia. Rumania, with an expected petroleum output of five million tons annually, would act as the second most important fuel producer. Beside this picture of purposeful and growing integration of economic functions there are also hopes that existing reserves can be exploited on a far larger scale than in the past and that recent discoveries can be expanded to hitherto unknown dimensions.

The case of the rapid growth of Hungarian oil production and the recent discovery of wolfram in Yugoslavia are examples. It is known that the various national authorities working on the second series of post-war economic plans are paying a much greater attention to the markets and supplies of the other eastern European countries than they were able to do at the time when they launched the much more urgent and consequently more hastily conceived first series. It would be a logical development indeed if above the various national planning offices a regional agency could be established to co-ordinate this work of integration.

The rough outlines of what can be expected in this respect from the second series of plans can reasonably be forecast, especially as preparation for the respective national rôles in this second series was one of the chief objects of the first post-war plans. Thus, it is evident that Bulgaria and Hungary would maintain a reasonable balance between industrial and agricultural production, that Yugoslavia, even to achieve this balance, would have to undergo a further period of intensive industrialization with emphasis on electrification, and that Poland and Czechoslovakia, but especially the latter, are to be the industrial workshops of the region. The recent Soviet-Polish trade accord, involving considerable industrial sacrifice on the part of the U.S.S.R., and the enormous expansion of heavy industry planned for the next five years at the expense of the traditional light industries in Czechoslovakia, both point in this direction. But even if all three plans are realized according to expectation it is still questionable whether this attempt at more rational integration could fully cover the region's import needs for industrial and agricultural equipment and raw materials to accomplish the desired changes. To achieve this it is probable that a large expansion of the seven countries' imports from the west is needed. This turns the limelight on the all important issue whether eastern Europe could expand its exports in the near future sufficiently to pay for its increased import needs in the absence of western credit.

Some western commentators profess to know that the eastern European countries intend to reduce their agricultural and other shipments to the seventeen countries participating in the Marshall plan to render the execution of that plan more difficult. According to the original Paris document of the " Marshall-nations " eastern European agricultural supplies are an essential factor to the success of the American scheme. Though under the influence of political prejudices such joint action may be imagined, it is devoid of any trace of economic common sense. For the sake of cheap political capital it disregards the vital interest the eastern European States have in the realization of their economic plans. Moreover these suggestions are likely to be attempts to divert attention from the generally harmful effects on world trade and peaceful development of American measures to bar the supply of capital equipment to eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. The now infamous Mundt amendment attached to the final Act of the Marshall plan was conceived not in Moscow

but in Washington.

Trade between eastern Europe and the Soviet Union was negligible before 1939. This was due mainly to political causes, but it was also due to the fact that the economic patterns of the U.S.S.R. and eastern Europe were far from complementary. Contrary to the rôle Germany used to play in the economic life of eastern Europe, the Soviet Union is not in need of agricultural imports and would prefer industrial products, the very things eastern Europe itself imported from Germany before the war. Naturally, trade between eastern Europe and the Soviet Union has increased after 1945 but there is no evidence that the traditional exports of the region, similar in pattern to the exportable surpluses of the Soviet Union itself, would not be available in the future for export to the west.

Before the war more than half of the total value of exports from Poland, Hungary, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria consisted of foodstuffs and timber. Coal, iron ore and non-ferrous metals were the other major exports apart from the industrial products of Czechoslovakia. In 1938 Germany and Austria together bought thirty-eight per cent. of these exports and supplied thirty-four per cent. of the region's needs. Great Britain took eight per cent., the U.S.A. five per cent. and the Soviet Union less than one per cent. Immediately after the war the Soviet Union occupied a disproportionate rôle in the foreign trade of the area for the main reason that for lack of communications hardly any other exchange possibilities existed. This contact, more often than not, helped to prevent widespread unemployment, thanks to the supply of Soviet raw materials. Very soon, however, with the re-establishment of normal communications with the west, the situation completely changed. In the first half of 1947 Czechoslovak imports from western Europe, the United States and other overseas countries, accounted for eighty-seven per cent. of her total imports. Eastern Europe during the same period supplied only ten and the Soviet Union not more than three per cent. As for her exports eighty per cent., fifteen per cent. and five per cent. went to the same areas. The situation is not very different in the case of Hungary. During the first nine months of 1947 only twenty-eight per cent. of her imports and thirty per cent. of her exports went to the other countries of eastern Europe. The Soviet Union supplied nine per cent. of her imports and took thirteen per cent. of exports (excluding reparations deliveries). The rest of the world accounted for sixty-three per cent. of her imports and fifty-seven per cent., of exports. In comparison to their pre-war external trade pattern a similar shift toward growing trade with the west is noticeable also in the other eastern European countries.

It is true that at present, owing to the decline in agricultural production and the disastrous drought of 1947-1948, the surplus of food-stuffs available for export is temporarily small. The current economic plans in eastern Europe allow, however, for a restoration of the pre-war level of foodstuff exports. But there will be important changes in the

composition of these exports due to the policy of slowly substituting animal products, canned fruit and vegetables for grain. Since the end of the war some twenty million acres of land have been split up into small holdings in eastern Europe. This, in itself, may result in a temporary decline in agricultural production. There are, however, definite plans, as in Hungary, to reduce wheat from pre-war levels and, in order to diversify agriculture, cereal crops are destined to play a gradually smaller rôle.* But these changes, although they may alter the composition of the agricultural exports of eastern Europe, would not necessarily diminish their volume. In fact the success of the various economic plans may even lead in the long run to exports of animal products and canned food far above pre-war levels. But this general recovery and with it the expansion of present agricultural exports to western Europe will depend very largely on the extent to which fertilizers and agricultural machinery, especially tractors, are imported from the west.

Thus it is evident that the availability of agricultural surpluses from eastern Europe depends far more on western co-operation than on the unquestionable eastern European willingness to export. It is equally evident that this is only part of a far larger problem, the issue of general planning of trade on a continental scale. In practical terms this means the harmonizing of heavy industry expansion in the west of Europe with the needs of the industrializing eastern European countries ; and the barter of industrial and agricultural equipment for imports of food, timber and coal. In case these large scale plans appear impracticable in the present world political climate a beginning could be made on smaller but practical projects which would be of equal benefit to both sides. The Economic Commission for Europe's technical committees in Geneva have prepared studies of such possibilities. The case of Polish coal is perhaps the best known example. Western mining machinery would produce disproportionate returns in the form of increased exports to replace coal bought for scarce dollars. Or, £5 million spent on lumbering equipment in the countries of eastern Europe could save £70 million spent by the western European states on timber imported from the North American continent.

Before the war trade inside Europe accounted for nearly a third of world commerce. To-day the proportion is only a sixth and the decline is not entirely due to the eclipse of Germany. In so far as it is due to the decrease in east-west European trade it is a removable cause of western Europe's chronic dollar deficit. To ignore this remedy for debatable political motives helps to perpetuate western Europe's dependence on dollar aid. Beside these political motives there are also some well reasoned anxieties. It is asked whether the eastern European countries would really " deliver the goods " or whether industrial assistance might not mean the nursing of future rivals.

It is too early to forecast how far the eastern European countries will

*Hungary is planning to reduce the acreage under wheat, rye and oilseeds by some one-third of a million hectares to gain additional acreage for maize, fodder crops, sugar beet and potatoes.

succeed in their current and future economic plans. It would be equally difficult to say what further adjustments in their social and political structures will become necessary in the future to achieve their self-imposed targets. What is certain is that, notwithstanding considerable difficulties, the first year or two of the present plans show satisfactory results. While certain deficiencies were exposed in some sectors, targets were surpassed in many others. Apart from calculable factors like the supply of raw materials or the training of skilled labour, there are unpredictable ones like the evolution of foreign trade, eventual foreign assistance or the harvests dependent on climate. There is also the imponderable factor of enthusiasm which varies from country to country and which, according to numerous foreign observers, can produce economic miracles.

It is predictable, however, that a good many years must pass before eastern Europe can achieve technical equality with the west. Until such times and until the present disastrously low standards of living can be levelled to those of the west, eastern Europe is certain to remain a good and stable customer of the industrial and semi-luxury products of the west even if there is a gradual shift in the traditional composition of these western imports from consumer goods to industrial equipment. Parallel with this shift in the composition of western imports and the gradual raising of standards of living, new markets and sources of supply will appear which, as a whole, would only improve the commercial importance of eastern Europe to the west.

In a historical perspective it seems certain that the economic structure of Europe will be progressively and decisively modified by the efforts of the eastern European States expressed, for the time being, by their first series of economic plans. To underrate the significance of these efforts, following on centuries of dependence and stagnation, would be to disregard one of the most important developments of our century. To represent them, as they often are represented, as mere compliance with the strategic or political desires of the Soviet Union is a self-deceiving interpretation of such a momentous transformation. Something that is of benefit to the Soviet Union can be equally or even more advantageous to the countries of eastern Europe. Merely because the elimination of inflationary conditions in the western European States to-day is likely to further American designs there, only simpletons could maintain that their elimination is contrary to the interests of the peoples of those countries. Such interpretations overlook the fact that, whatever the momentary hardships or internal political difficulties, in the perspective of a few decades the peoples of eastern Europe will regard these years after the 1939-1945 war as the period when, through their own efforts, they raised themselves from abject poverty, settled their artificially fanned national and racial quarrels, and at last, claimed their overdue share of general human progress. They will have provided, moreover, a working example of that inevitable regionalism which seems to be humanity's next stage in its groping toward eventual larger unity.

# THREE CLASSES IN EGYPT

By Pennethorne Hughes

OF the 17,000,000 inhabitants of Egypt, 15,000,000 do not own a square inch of land. One and a half per cent. of the landowners own eighty per cent. of it. They are the first, and in their own eyes e all-important, class.

It must be remembered that many of these pashas are, like the royal mily, Turkish by origin, and the Turks have a reputation for exploitation ther than development. Their contribution to the arts has been small id vulgar ; the contributions of the Egyptians continuous and consider- ble. When Mohamed Ali the Great, who incidentally could not himself aster Arabic, assured himself of possession, he re-allocated the land to s Turkish followers in much the same way as William the Conqueror ircelled out England. He took a fourth of cultivable Egypt for himself id his family. In this way were started the huge estates on which the ishas batten to-day. Their ranks have been swelled by cotton barons id the millionaire middlemen of two wars, and a few of the older genera- on of Arab-Egyptian landowners still exist as well. They are largely sentee landlords, who except for a few outstanding figures regard eir estates purely as a means of income, and charge exorbitant rents to e fellahin who sweat on them.

As well as his estate or estates the pasha normally has a town house in iro, either in Garden City or on the Mena Road, and a residence at lexandria, whither the Court and Government normally remove as soon it becomes at all hot in Cairo. Here, in one of the quite extraordinary uildings which face the Corniche at Ramleh, he lives with his wife or istress of the moment, races, yachts, and amuses himself in the company the cosmopolitan adventurers and lesser royalties who make their mmer headquarters there. But apart from ministering to his personal easures, he dabbles in politics to make sure that no legislation will terfere with him, tries to double his money on the stock exchange, and tends official functions where this ministers to his self-importance. is influence ensures that all taxation is on the principle of soak the poor, id whilst taxes on such things as cars and alcohol are kept very low, it ould worry no administration unduly to put taxes on commodities e kerosene or lentils, which are the necessities of the poor. Income from nd is naturally exempt from income-tax.

It is not a bad life, but the pasha gets very fat. So does the bey, his

jackal, who is less often a landowner, and more frequently a government official or a court toady. He too has his houses and cars and women, and spins off to Alexandria for the summer in his white coat and parti-coloured shoes, a muddy and self-contented parasite.

After all this it should be added that there are pashas and beys who do in fact carry on the work of government, and support the social structure generally. Moreover the pasha is a generous host and a good friend to those to whom he has taken a liking. He has more than a smattering of European culture, and may be a highly educated man. He speaks French as a matter of course, having probably been to a French school if not to the English Victoria College, and probably spent some of his youth in Paris or at Oxford. He is not often an aristocrat, as Europeans understand the term, but he is a successful and often personally likable member of what in America represents the boss class. Foreigners who have served Egypt become pashas or beys as well, and generally deserve the honour.

But personal charm is unlikely to save the pasha class should any considerable social upheaval take place in Egypt, for an oligarchy which is actuated by selfish considerations and not by social conscience is out of contemporary popularity, particularly when it does not even take the trouble to pay lip-service or blackmail to the causes of "democracy". And the wealthy in Egypt do not.

There has never been a military caste in Egypt with anything like the prestige which military castes have enjoyed in Europe, and in this perhaps the Egyptian is lucky. His army has so long been subject to foreign rulers that its social prestige has partly evaporated. But generals do exist, and their position *vis-à-vis* the ordinary serving soldier, who is a conscript, is as disproportionate as might be expected. For whilst the field-marshals' salaries are not published, lieutenant-generals receive—or did until the other day—£125 a month and cost of living allowances, together with the usual military perquisites, whilst the askari (the common private) supports himself and perhaps a family in the country on a salary of less than £9 a *year*. Moreover he has no vote. He is not a willing conscript.

Because position means personal power and the disposal of favours, the struggle for it, only mildly related to the public weal, goes all through Egyptian life.

The King is emphatically the head of his State. Whilst in the past he has for long had an English schoolmaster looking over his shoulder, he has been, even since the constitution was introduced, the ultimate legal authority for the affairs of his people, with far greater powers than the monarch of a western European country. He is by God appointed, by law established, by family tradition reverenced, and by personal fortune one of the wealthiest men in his country. He is the supreme commander of his military forces. Further he sanctions and promulgates laws, and can dissolve the Chamber of Deputies and rule by his personal authority, if he so chooses. He creates and bestows civil and military ranks, decora-

ns and all honours, and sees to it that this is no formality. He may clare war, make peace, and conclude treaties. He appoints and dismisses inisters at will. He appoints all senior personnel of the public services. His political enemies, and the more vocal progressive bodies, may plore such absolutism, but there is no question that this personal sponsibility is far more comprehensible and so probably pleasing to the ajority of the King's subjects than would be a purely symbolic crown, esiding formally over the elaborate system of checks and balances that s become the habit of democratic monarchy in, for instance, Great itain. Whatever the personal popularity of individual monarchs, the ct that the King is a strong man, *the* strong man, is enough for most of e politically unenlightened of his subjects.

Parliament consists of two houses, an Upper, the Senate, and Lower, e Chamber of Deputies, and the executive, subject always to the King, s in his Council of Ministers, with their twelve Ministries.

Egypt is divided into fourteen Provinces and Governments. The overnor of a province, a mudir, is a high dignatory, and even a sub-mudir rows the subservient into a panic of delicious apprehension and expensive mpliment when he attends the local club buildings for an official nction and his quota of coffee. The mudir, assisted by a council who ually find themselves excessively of his point of view, is responsible for cal appointments and decisions, enforced by his Hakimdar, or com- andant of police. Under him he has a mayor of each district, a mayor f each town, and a political organization as controlled as that of the best ammany boss. Out in the country he has as his agents the village ndas, who are the local mayors, J.P.s, squires and general bigwigs, and ith the village ghaffirs, or policemen, are answerable for order, taxes, and eneral administration in their little worlds—stout, well-contented men striped caftans, riding white donkeys, with umbrellas held over their eads as they make their way into the provincial centre or once in a way the railway station, bound for the glories of Cairo.

The village omdah is something of a joke to the Cairene, as the small untry squire was to the eighteenth century cockney wiseacre. But he s his reward in the village, where his word is still the law, and he waxes ceedingly. He and the village sheikh are authority, and it is they who aintain and support the comparatively wealthy if small kulak class of easant landowners. The boss system goes all the way through Egypt, ith a rattle of piastres at each stage.

The political oligarchy has its complement, and derives much of its wer, from the religious hierarchy. For if one half of the Egyptian is iiveringly anxious to better himself, to obtain office, and to acquire the curity that this may give, the other half of him is taught acceptance of e system, even of his own lowly position in it, and is given spiritual nsolation, by his religion. And his religion too is dominated by a werful body, headed by the Sheikh-el-Islam—the ulemas of the Al-Azhar

University.

The Azhar is rigid, and, although its authority is challenged, it remains, as it has since before the time of Saladin, who unsuccessfully opposed it, the spiritual determinant of Egyptian life: its ulemas, its imams, its inferior kadis and its lesser agents influencing everywhere the life of the urban faithful, whilst the village sheikh, whose policy derives from the Al-Azhar, has an even greater control of the life of the fellah. To be a sheikh is to belong to a proud tradition and to have an answer to every problem, spiritual or civil—for the Koran, which he carries always in his head, contains all wisdom. He is courteous and patient and conventional, the undisputed pastor of most of his flock.

These are the rulers of Egypt, the monarchy, the landowning oligarchy, partly Turkish in origin but increasingly recruited from the big ones of cotton and commerce, and the religious heads of the Al-Azhar University: money, and Allah.

It is easy for the westerner to see the faults of these rulers, and as westernization increasingly takes place so it becomes easy for the Egyptian as well. The power of the pashas and of the ulemas is tottering, and it may well not survive, certainly in its present form, another couple of generations.

Yet quite apart from over-riding economic factors, there is much in the present system which commends itself to the Egyptian habit of mind. There is already a real social equality in Egypt—that is to say, that however different may be his standard of living and privilege, one Moslem is as good as another in the eyes of Allah, and the other knows it. Death is everywhere, but it has no fears for the faithful. The old-fashioned ulema, moreover, although his standards, strictly observed, make much of modern life impossible, preserves in them many things which the West may now be feeling that it too lightly threw aside—a hatred of vulgarity, an appreciation of tradition for its own sake, a sense of the personal dignity of man and the comfort of faith. Of the ruling classes, therefore, it may be said that their roots are deep, and their fruit, even if it is preserved fruit, is very rich.

The emergence of an independent middle-class is a comparatively new thing, in Egypt. There have always been clerks, shopkeepers, and ministerial underlings—usually foreigners. But the development of a real middle class, with its own views and influence, has been dependent, as it was in Europe, on the rise of industry and commerce. The clerk in a government office might have and usually did have a grievance, but he had no power to express it, and such expression would normally mean merely the loss of his post, and under the Turks probably the bastinado as well. At best he would be sent to frizzle in an outpost in Upper Egypt. To-day, however, there are some 562,000 civil servants in Egypt, who support approximately 3,000,000 dependants on an average monthly income of rather less than £4.

There is still little indigenous middle-class opinion, for the

ctors, the wealthy shopkeepers, and even the lawyers are frequently
:mbers of a foreign community, and they still lack organization. But the
veted position of effendi becomes an increasing possibility, and the
ɔiring young man, from the village or from the city, seeks it with
nning and all the application of which he is capable. His means are,
ɜt a degree, and secondly such personal support as he can mobilize by
nily influence, blandishment, or corruption. Occasionally of course he
ns and keeps a position by worth alone, but if so it is in the face of
ter jealousy and opposition and promotion can hardly ever be won by
ıple merit.

The whole point of higher education, therefore, for a majority of students,
ə job. When they do not automatically obtain one they have a strong
ıse of grievance, and demonstrate outside the house of the Prime
nister, or one of the ministries, clamouring for the creation of yet more
vernment clerkships, and the swelling of an already overstaffed bureau-
:cy. For they have a degree, and that in itself should be a food-ticket,
l an entrée to the world of political favours. Naturally there are not
ɔugh posts to go round, and a dissatisfied class of half-educated
ıngsters is annually swelled by a new generation of students who have
t the village and the gallabeah behind them, and can never return to it.

In Egypt, quite apart from the religious teaching culminating in
: Al-Azhar, the first schools were those attached to mosques, and the
mentary education of the little Egyptian is first of all that of his faith,
the 4,000 odd maktabs which line the Nile. The village schoolmaster
y often be blind and stupid—even sometimes himself nearly illiterate,
ɔwing the Good Book only by rote, but he instils its teaching and its
:abulary into his pupils, and frequently the fellah has an
questioning reverence for book-learning. It is not until he reaches the
ondary or higher stages that this holy zeal is likely to be tempered by
rldly considerations of profit and status.

There are ambitious designs for a new educational system, which
urally works best in the big centres, but until the other day there were
oo,ooo males between twelve and forty-five who were illiterate, and
,ooo girls between twelve and fifteen. Most older women are illiterate.
: the recognition of the need for a better educational machine is definitely
re, and it is one of the things which, without party advantage, almost
ry administration is trying to meet.

A main trouble remains that it is difficult to get good teachers to go
he villages. The educated Egyptian who has become a schoolmaster
done so to escape from the village, not to go back to it. It is only a
of the more public spirited who will plough back their education by
ng as schoolmasters or doctors to the country districts which so sorely
d them.

The ambitious and progressive young Egyptian who has graduated
ɔugh these processes, passed his examinations and avoided self-

destruction, is by this time in Cairo or one of the other large towns, anxiously angling for a job. Externally he long ago put aside the clothes which identified him with the countryman, and is wearing European dress —unless the nationalism of the moment identifies this with the foreigner. He may retain the fez, but in any case his hair is polished, and he may well have shed his moustache. His socks are brilliantly coloured, and he has bright sock suspenders. He carries a walking stick. His time, if he has not got a job (and largely also if he has), is spent in the cafés, listening to the gossip of the Ministries, the political speculation of the day, and to anything that may give him a handle to a post. Sometimes he escapes back to his home in the village or the small town, to dazzle his parents, for whom he still feels respect, and his elder brothers, for whom he still has deference, and to retail the talk and the movement of the city.

Internally he may be satisfied, especially if his prospects are good. But if he is intelligent and widely read, and his prospects are not so good as he had hoped, he is likely to be unhappy. For the culture he has acquired is European, or if he has been to the American University transatlantic, and his standards are upset. The old verities are largely cast overboard, but neither personal circumstance nor surroundings quite accord with the new. Islam is too fixed and too slow, and he is an agnostic a spiritual *déclassé*. But there may be a new system into which his ambition—partly a selfless national one, partly an interested personal one—may fit. Communism ? Perhaps. A socialist experiment ? Perhaps. The rule of a Strong Man ? Perhaps.

There are of course middle-class Egyptians whose story is quite different who enter suitable posts, perhaps family ones, from middle-class backgrounds of the previous generation. Who, although they can never afford to offend the influential, proceed honourably to positions of middle worth, hold middle views, and perform useful and rewarded service ending with a pension, property perhaps, and if they are lucky a wife with some money of her own, and well-married children. But for the time being there are more educated Egyptians than jobs which they feel prepared to accept.

Historically, the effendi *par excellence* is the Copt. There are rich Copts, who are lavish, hospitable, and cosmopolitan, who found schools support Churches, and look after their own. There are poor Copts scattered up and down the country, and whole villages, in Upper Egypt where they form the bulk of the inhabitants. But the essential Copt is, as he has been for generations, the clerk and factor of his Moslem ruler. Even to-day the Copts have a feeling of insecurity, and it is not persecution mania which makes so many Copts tell you that because of their religion they can never expect promotion. It is hard to be a member of a religious minority, and by it handicapped in status, in a country where religion and status are the two most important things in life. In spite of this there are contented and friendly Coptic homes, well run Coptic institutions, and

›pts who are neither falsely proud nor servile. Like all Egyptians the ›pt is personally friendly and easy to get on with. Yet he is often cially sterile and politically undecided : looking back with legitimate ide at a religious devotion which has defied persecution and a racial rity which has largely defied pollution, and looking forward to nothing particular, except to remaining, with his treasured ritual of the fifth ntury, an anomaly to his fellow countrymen and an unacknowledged or relation to the European.

You have only to talk to intelligent young Egyptians to realize their ssion for the education and improvement of their country. The girls, cause they have still to fight against orthodox opinion in order to have reers at all, are almost more impressive. Yet in the sandy soil of the ear East vitality tends to sprout early and then wither away, and there ll have to be considerable and swift economic and social developments the students of to-day are to fit usefully into the machinery of State. ieir cultural aspirations are apparent enough, but whether they can ercome extremely difficult economic problems and the opposition of sted interests both financial and moral, is less certain. There are forces ough to help them, and the King himself is showing a lead in various forms.

Eighty per cent. of the people live in the villages. There is however ignoring the bedouin of the desert, a fractional and unromantic quantity— ie other class at the bottom of the social structure which should be ›ticed : the industrial workers. (The many servants are largely erberines or Sudanese who later revert to the village.)

The number of workers in industry in 1940 was estimated to be no more an ten per cent. of those gainfully employed in Egypt, but the proportion s no doubt gone up slightly as a result of the training gained in Allied terprises during the war, and the increase in light industry. It remains ›wever a small class, and lives under bad conditions, in stinking slums, th few holidays, long hours and small pay—an average monthly wage perhaps £3 or £4. The Egyptian is quite good at engineering and ecision work, provided that his eyes are sound, but lacks initiative when nfronted with something which he has not been taught, and is tempera- ental. There is as yet hardly a whisper of such things as Workmen's ›mpensation Acts, adequate protection against sickness or accident, and unemployment or insurance schemes. Where factories and institutions ve provided sanitary facilities, dining halls, and so on, in accordance th what regulations there are, they have rarely been used by the workmen, ho are not educated to want them. There are Trades Unions, but as yet ese carry little weight. The Egyptian worker maintains his national aracteristics—he sings shanties, is on the whole cheerful, and can fall ck on the comforts of his religion. But he is the nearest approach in e country to the revolutionary material of Europe, and any attempt obtain better conditions is therefore met with vigorous opposition as

tending to promote a "potentially Communist element". It will probably be a long time before this class can become an important political factor.

A superficial picture of the Egyptian countryside can be obtained even from the train. For miles the fields stretch out, flat and muddy expanses variegated by different shades of green and yellow, and broken not by hedges but by runnels of the precious Nile water, drawn off from the canal that is somewhere always in sight, if only evidenced by the tall sail of a faluka apparently proceeding straight across a field. There are palm trees and sycamores, and sometimes the great banyan, with a gamoose and a child lying in its shadow. In the distance may be a puff of smoke from the rattling little Egyptian Light Railway that traces across the Delta, and somewhere on the horizon will be a minaret. Every now and again a huge white dove-cote goes by, with swarms of pigeons circling round it, as a change from the hoopoes, the egrets and the white herons.

There are mud villages, slightly raised above the level of the fields, partly because any eminence there might be was selected to begin with in order to escape the flooding, and partly because village after village has been built on the site, one over another as mud crumbled back into mud. There are the shadoof—the primitive beam and bucket contraption of the pharoahs, for bringing water up from one level to another: the sakkia, or Persian water-wheel, with a blindfold gamoose—the livid purple buffalo—or a discontented camel circling endlessly as it creaks cumbrously round: the Archaemedian screw, doing the same task even more slowly, its handle turned by a man with his blue or white gallabeah tucked up under his legs.

Almost always there is someone in sight; a tiny boy leading a loaded camel, a little girl riding on a buffalo, a sheikh on a donkey, a knot of women carrying pitchers to the well, a child leading a blind man down the road: or the eternal fellah ("one who tills"), without interrupting himself to look at the train, bent double over his precious earth, hoeing or planting or plucking: drawing water or making it.

This is the comfortable panoramic picture of the countryside, and at this range the fellah seems a hard-working worthy peasant, picturesque, traditional and entirely appropriate—the merry, peace-loving rustic of the sympathetic traveller. To the more brutal and hardly better informed visitor who tried to harness him to labour on a camp, he was on the other hand the essential Wog—dirty, lazy, stupid, grasping and incompetent.

In fact the fellah is an excellent cultivator, seeing that his tools are in the main little better than pharonic. He still uses the adze and a hoe that is a weapon of all sorts, and ploughs with a wooden blade which barely turns the surface—which is in fact just as well, as deep ploughing might ruin his land. He has an uncanny traditional knowledge of the right time for planting, and can judge the irrigation of a field by eye more quickly and effectively than an engineer could often do it with instruments. He is an

xtremely fast worker, although he likes rest and is subject to concurrent nervating diseases. On the other hand he must be working for himself produce his best—a human failing enough, seeing how little he gets for ything. He loves and lives for his land.

The fellah starts his day at dawn, when he takes the morning's excre-ents to the village manure heap, and goes on till sunset. There is a ause at mid-day for prayer, some bread, salted cucumbers and onion rought to him by his wife (his cheese and milk he probably cannot afford eat : he must sell it), a pull from a jug of canal water and a brief siesta ith a sack over his head. It is already dusk when he makes his way back the village. At times of the year he is unable to work because of the ooding, and he tries to get casual labour road-mending or canal-making, erhaps far from his home.

In reward for all this he has an annual income which in extreme cases ay not exceed £3 a year, eked out by barter—on an average £25 for a mily of normal size of five or six persons. If he is a small-holder he may a little better off, although he can hardly hope to feed himself and his mily on the four-fifths of an acre that is his average holding. If he is tached to a big estate in Upper Egypt he may be little better off than a rf. Almost certainly he is in debt to the landlord, or the Greek money-nder, for he is paying a land-tax or a high rent, having to allow for placement of his tools and cattle, and for such social necessities as arriage, circumcision ceremonies, or funeral expenses—and as the fant mortality rate is 193 per thousand, and the death rate anyhow is the ghest in the world, there generally is a funeral. Everything is far more pensive than it was before the war, and although he does not normally arve to death, because of the phenomenal qualities of the land, he is ways undernourished and on the brink of penury. His clothes are rags, s furniture a few pots, his health gets worse every year and his son is rhaps a conscript in the army—in which case there may be another mily to keep as well.

For the man, and even for the women and children, the fields, under the inless sky, are home. The house is merely somewhere to sleep, and even it is almost indescribably primitive : a low cabin of Nile sludge and w dung, floored with clay and roofed with corn or cotton stalks. It is ue that this is warmer in winter and cooler in summer than the new ncrete houses which progress sometimes provides, and of which the fellah artily disapproves. But it is dusty, verminous, smelly and poverty-icken almost beyond belief. Inside, as well as the fellah himself and s family, are his animals—his sheep, goats and fowls, and even the deous gamoose. Everything looks like mud, is made of mud, or tastes mud. Nowhere in the world is the physical inter-relation of man and s environment more marked.

In this flaking hovel, tumbled on top of and beside other mud huts ually dirty and decrepit, the exhausted fellah, his pregnant wife, his

flyblown children and his earthly goods settle down to the evening meal of beans, green corn or marrow. It is only on a special occasion—perhaps once or twice a month—that he can dream of affording a little camel meat. Only the more wealthy can afford wheat bread, but most can manage endless coffee and black tea, drunk so strong and so stewed that the suggestion of treating tea in Egypt as a narcotic has been seriously considered. Outside lies the birka—the village pool—into which runs the seepage of the whole village, smelling to high heaven, containing every sort of germ, and constituting in the daytime the resort for play of the naked village children, of whom it is surprising therefore that any survive at all. In between the narrow walls themselves even the African sun can hardly penetrate to disinfect and purify, and the village crawls with bacteria.

Obviously these surroundings, appalling by western standards, do not so disagreeably strike the fellah himself. Even so his physique is manifestly growing worse, the death rate is going up (almost alone of all the countries in the world that keep statistics), and the most insidious disease of all is attacking more victims every year. Life expectation is thirty-one years, as opposed to fifty-nine in Europe. It is perhaps relevant that in England the Ministry of Health spends some £700 a year a person on health services. In Egypt the equivalent figure is £39.

The last great cholera epidemic in Egypt before 1947 was in 1902, when the population was reduced by 35,000 within six months. The influenza epidemic of 1918-1919 was, with malnutrition, responsible for some 146,000 deaths, and some 80,000 perhaps died in the malaria wave introduced into Upper Egypt in 1943, though kept from the world till some time afterwards. Malaria remains endemic in many areas, and there is occasional plague and typhus. To battle with it all there is one doctor, in the provinces, to every 5,000 potential patients. Then there are eye diseases and, the main plague of Egypt, the worm diseases caught from the parasite infested waters and mud. Statistically speaking, every Egyptian suffers from at least three complaints.

The tragedy is that the advance of irrigation, which has so increased the yield of the land, the output of cotton and the fortunes of the wealthy, has added to the virulence of disease. For under the natural system of annual flooding there was sufficient time for the sun, beating down on the mud, to kill off the parasites for a great part of the year. Now that there is perennial irrigation the parasites flourish and multiply all the year round. It is significant that the healthy recruits for the Egyptian Army are drawn almost entirely from those " backward " provinces in Upper Egypt which still preserve the old-fashioned irrigation system.

The problem is a tremendous one, and there are pessimists who claim that the only practical solution would be the almost impossibly expensive one of lining all the canals. Even more important though is the education of the fellah himself, who accepts bilhartzia, a worm disease, as easily as the

ghteenth century Englishman accepted the normality of smallpox, and esents interference in his intimate social habits. And whoever heard of ot swimming in the blessed waters of the Nile?

In view of all this the most extraordinary thing is the comparative heerfulness of the fellahin, and the gaiety and volubility with which they ill manage to conduct their social affairs. For it is impossible to visit an gyptian village without being impressed by the courtesy and hospitality hich is extended to you, and which bewilders and embarrasses when you oth know and see the background against which it is offered. The hildren may cry "backsheesh" on the roads, but the fellah would be eeply insulted if you tried to pay him, however obliquely, for giving to ou, not as an Englishman, or a European, or as anything but a visitor, he very best that he can offer. It is his simple duty as a Moslem and his radition as a peasant: you would have it whether you wanted it or not, nd whether you arrived in bare feet or Rolls Royce. His wife cooks, he eeps up what conversation he can, through an interpreter if you are so gnorant as not to know his language, his children scamper off to pick ugar-cane or corn on the cob, his best rickety chair is brought out into the un, and he shows you courtesy and a gravely interested welcome.

It is not necessary to prolong description of the apparently simple life f the Egyptian peasant—the work in the fields, the struggle to make ends neet, the joy of festivals, the secret urgencies of his household—except to ay that like that of all primitive peoples it is of course in fact an immensely omplicated life. The taboos are those of his Islamic religion, but also of a omprehensive ritual affecting every part of his life from childbirth to the rave: practices old as Africa, some of them the refined wisdom of the ges, some of them its withered and dangerous misunderstandings.

To the westerner the Egyptian fellah is a brutal and half-savage illiterate, hose mud is the best place for him: or he is an agricultural proletarian, rtificially cowed and chained to his fields, but waiting for freedom: or e is, more sentimentally, the eternal peasant, sensual, good-natured, ospitable, industrious and decorative.

He is all these things. But, more realistically, he is the sinew and ontinuity of Egyptian life. If the country is to prosper, his physical and nental improvement is, as is fortunately recognized, an immediate and ital necessity.

(*The author recently returned to England after several years spent in Egypt, and is still concerned with affairs there*).

# ITALY AFTER THE ELECTIONS

By Christopher Shawcross, M.P.

PERHAPS enthusiasm for the simple things of life is one of the best features of the Italian character. Certainly it is one which endears the Italian people to any foreign visitor. Nowhere have I seen a better example of it than in the personality of the newly-elected President of the Italian Republic. Signor Einaudi accorded to me the honour of being the first Englishman to be received by him in his official residence, the ancient and imposing Quirinal Palace, until recently the city home of the Royal Family. By profession Signor Einaudi is a Professor of Economics and has only recently, and at an advanced age, come to take an active part in politics. He was called upon to deal with the serious inflation of the Italian currency as Governor of the Bank of Italy and as Minister of Finance. In these positions he is acknowledged by all parties—even the Communists—to have performed successfully an almost impossible task. His election to the Presidency was almost as unexpected as it was fortunate. It was unexpected because of his previous detachment from politics, and for that very reason fortunate, since the office of President is one which demands impartiality and freedom from party bias. Moreover, Signor Einaudi's reputation for personal integrity is as high as it could possibly be—perhaps the most important qualification of all for such a position.

Count Sforza, the veteran Italian statesman, received me in the Foreign Office—the famous Palazzo Chigi whose name became so unpleasing in the years between the wars, when Count Ciano, Mussolini's braggadocio son-in-law was its head. The furnishings of this building in their musty and depressing mediocrity, were in contrast to the ornate brightness of the Quirinal Palace. But whereas the President is impressive by his simplicity and obvious unfamiliarity with the pomp and circumstance of his high office, Count Sforza's dignity is of the order which made his surroundings seem inadequate to his aristocratic presence.

Differing sharply from both these two was Signor Saragat, the leader of the Democratic Socialist Party who has become Vice-Premier. At the time I saw him, he and his party officials were still negotiating for the positions which were to be granted to the Socialists in the Coalition Government. A man of keen intelligence, with a record of resistance to the Fascists which places the genuineness of his Socialism above suspicion, Signor Saragat is at once too ascetic and too temperamental to suggest

hat he will ever become a great popular leader in a country like Italy. In his respect he differs greatly from his colleague; Signor Lombardo seems o be the man of action—certainly he is a man of affairs, being the managing irector of a large industrial concern—and enjoys the perfect characteristics or a successful politician—energy, optimism, humour and pleasant anners. One day if the need and the opportunity should arise, he may merge as the strong man in Italian politics.

Will such a need arise in the near future ? I talked to many politicians f the several democratic parties—that excludes the Communists, the Nenni " fellow-travelling " Socialists and the Fascists—from Cabinet Ministers to back benchers. All agreed that the victory for democracy t the General Election last April was only the first battle in a long and ifficult war. It was recognized that unless considerable social reforms are ot only introduced but show practical results in improving the condition f the people, the advantages of that first victory will be thrown away.

But though this is well understood, I could find no clear indication of ow or when the necessary action was to be taken. Obviously no official rogramme could be put forward until after the new Government had had me to consider and agree upon it. But time is on the side of the Communists in this. At the moment they are keeping quiet. They have ven dropped their post-election propaganda to the effect that the votes ere forged and the results " rigged ". In fact, probably there has never efore been an election fought with so many safeguards, organized by the Government, against force and fraud. But the Communists can afford to ait. They know that unless strong measures of control are introduced oon, unless there is reform of land ownership and the agricultural system, nless there is employment for the two million at present out of work, there ill be a violent re-action against the de Gasperi Government. The Communists also know that the dominating party in Parliament, the Christian Democrats, contains a very strong element which is extremely Conservative—what we used to call " die-hard ". This element is likely o resist and delay the required reforms so that they will not show practical esults in time to influence the next elections.

In the meantime American aid under the Marshall Plan will continue to e poured into Italy. It will be absorbed, unless the Government does omething, in a way which appears to benefit only the comparatively ealthy. In other words the rich will get richer and the poor, if not oorer, at any rate no better off. And the poor in Italy are in the vast ajority. The conditions in which they live have never been comparable o our own. A warm and sunny climate, a diet which would be unalatable and under-nourishing to northern Europeans, an outlook on life hich would not be possible in Britain, have made the Italian people if ot content with at least able to endure a standard of life which the verage British worker would regard as intolerable.

But the people of Italy after twenty-five years of dictatorship, with only

seventy-five years as a nation behind them, want something more from the new democratic Government than they have so far seen. Full employment, reasonably efficient social services, a fair measure of staple foods, prices of so-called luxuries such as tobacco and entertainments which they can afford to pay—all these must be given to the Italian peasant and industrial worker if they are not be corrupted by the specious and fraudulent promises of the Communists. Strong as the influence of the Roman Catholic Church proved itself to be during the April elections, it may be as nothing against the hard facts of life in five years time.

It is difficult to describe the conditions in which the Italian workers—and this includes the so-called black coated workers, the clerks in banks and offices—are now living. To form an accurate assessment, you have not only to know the different parts of Italy, but also to have had experience of the conditions prevailing before the war. It has often been remarked that systems of rationing and close control are inappropriate to the temperament of a Latin people and that any laws and regulations made to that end only assist the black marketeer. Whatever truth there may be in this, and undoubtedly there is a great deal, there are other considerations in Italy which would make a food rationing system such as we know in Britain unworkable. This arises from the differing habits and diets to which the people in different parts of the country are accustomed. For example, the southerner may exist largely on fruit, olive oil, cereals and fish and neither demand nor like meat and butter—or margarine—but the industrial workers of the north would want just these things and it would be necessary for a rationing system to be adjusted not only to those differing local requirements, but also to the different sources of supply from which they would have to be met. The truth is, however, that in any country, if a rationing system is to be effective, it must be nearly 100 per cent. so throughout the country. This was well demonstrated in Italy by experience with the rationing of particular articles such as olive oil and coffee, sold at a controlled price. Black market prices varied and were frequently found to be considerably lower than the controlled price of the rationed goods.

On the whole, however, the food situation in Italy at the moment, rationing or no rationing, appears to be reasonably good. Undoubtedly there are shortages, but they are probably not as stringent as in many parts of France. For the foreign visitor there is practically no shortage at all. In Italy there are comparatively few restaurants of the luxury type, but there are a great many of what might be called the good second-class category. At these a really good meal for two people with a bottle of wine can be bought for about £1. That means that the food costs more than 5s. per head, but it provides about double the amount of gastronomic satisfaction that could be obtained for 5s. in Britain. These good second-class restaurants are not of the " chain " type and the service in them is excellent, both for cleanliness and courtesy. Nor are they confined to the

ss fashionable quarters of the city as they would be in England or rance. This is an excellent thing as it enables almost anybody, occaonally at least, to take his meal in really attractive surroundings, for nstance, on the pavement terrace in the most beautiful square in the city.

Those who visit Rome now for the first time will gain a bad impression f the municipal services and will conclude that the Italians are incapable f providing these. They will find the streets dirty and the sanitary rrangements, if existing at all, out of action. But it will be a false mpression. Before the war a great deal of money was spent on these ervices and Rome was considered one of the cleanest cities in Europe. t the present time lack of money, for what Italians regard (rightly or rongly) as a matter of minor importance, is the real reason. On the ther hand the visitor will certainly and rightly conclude that Rome must e the noisiest city on earth and probably the most dangerous in which walk across the street. Under the fascist régime of Mussolini the ounding of horns on cars was absolutely prohibited, even in cases of mergency, at all times of the day or night. Taxi drivers used to shout whistle and bang the panels of their cars to give warning of their approach. Under the new democracy this regimentation has been abolished and, erhaps to demonstrate his emancipation, the Italian driver sounds his orn almost incessantly. The noise may be unbearable, but this method of driving seems to be effective. When approaching a blind cross road you ust keep your hand on the horn button, and your foot hard down on he accelerator ; the driver approaching at right angles does the same, but t very rarely happens that they actually crash. Many of the streets in Rome are little more than narrow alleys, only wide enough for one car nd full of pedestrians walking or standing in the middle of them. Neverheless by means of the horn blowing a skilled driver is able to go through hem at about thirty to forty miles per hour without accident.

An interesting feature of the automobile situation in Italy is that there are o many post-war cars of Italian manufacture, far more in proportion than n Britain or France. But the total car population of Italy is, of course, ery much lower in relation to the total population. Another notable eature is the pride and interest which the Italian takes in the appearance of his vehicle. You see very few shabby or dented vehicles such as bound in France and are not uncommon in Britain. By contrast, you often see very old vehicles which have obviously been completely reconditioned. I saw several taxis in Rome, very often more than fifteen ears old, whose owners had gone to the length of having new chromium ut, not only on the obvious parts but even on the wheels—including the spokes.

Italian engineers are highly expert at re-conditioning and adapting old ehicles. A number of surplus and unusable British Army motor cycles were acquired by the Italians who completely re-built them and they are ow seen in use with a finish and equipment which appear to surpass our

own product. There is more chromium, there are bigger and better petrol tanks, luxurious saddles and so on. Perhaps the best example of adaptation is the small motor scooter which is extremely popular in Rome. The manufacturers found that there were a number of small tail-wheels, auxiliary engines and a good deal of material used in the manufacture of aircraft available at moderate prices. From this they built the modern motor scooter. It is a beautiful little machine, with every accessory including a spare wheel. It has a very low petrol consumption and I have seen one carrying four people up a fairly steep slope. In a climate where there is so little rain it appears to be the ideal method of individual transport. The only defect seems to be that the engine is very noisy for such a small car. This, however, is an advantage to the Italian who likes his vehicle to make as much noise as possible. There is a story that one owner went to the length of fitting a sound amplifier to his exhaust and put all the other drivers to shame. Certainly, the competitive spirit is very strong and races are held every week in suburban streets. Practice for these races, if not the races themselves, appears to be permitted without closing the roads to other traffic.

It was a very long way from the battle of the Anzio beach-head of 1943 to the Anglo-Italian football match at Milan on Sunday, May 16, 1948. On that day, in the warm sunshine of Southern Italy the Sunday afternoon crowds thronged the quaysides and cafés of the picturesque port. Each café had a radio set blaring forth the broadcast commentary on the match and the Anzio listeners echoed with their cheers the applause of the spectators in Milan. Indeed, so loud were the cheers that it was impossible to follow what was actually happening to the game on the field. The Italians were convinced that their team was winning, although in fact it had failed to score and the British had got two goals before the end of the first half. But to judge from the enthusiasm of the café patrons and the strollers outside, one would have imagined that an event at least as important as a general election was taking place and that the party supported by the vast majority was winning.

Perhaps it is these distractions which prevent Italians thinking about more serious matters, such as housing. Although overcrowding in Italian working-class dwellings, speaking very generally, may not be as bad as in the slums of the great industrial cities of Britain, the actual condition of the dwellings is just as bad. I met some English visitors in Rome who were telling their Italian friends that much more building appeared to be going on than in Britain. As a matter of fact this is quite untrue. Whatever may be the shortcomings of our housing programme, nobody can deny that all over Britain council houses are being built in considerable numbers. As in France, so in Italy you can go for miles through the countryside without seeing a single working-class house being built. What had struck the English visitors in Rome, however, was the large edifices under construction in the main streets of the city. They did not

ıow that these were either luxury flats, shops or offices, of little value the economy of the nation and of none in the amelioration of its social ɔnditions.

The great problem of Italy is now, as it always has been, that it has a pidly increasing population, whereas its material resources, never in the ɜt century adequate to support the population, are becoming propor-ɔnately less. No amount of economic plans, no amount of social or ɔlitical reforms will alter these basic facts. Unless other countries, such the United States, Australia, New Zealand and nearer home, France, ɔen their doors to Italian immigrants, Communism in the end will win in ɑly, whatever Prime Minister de Gasperi and his Government may ɔcceed in accomplishing within the framework of their own political and ɔnomic system. Nor would the return of the former Italian Colonies ɔvide any effective solution, as some Italians would like to have us ɭieve.

A real Western European Union in which the British Dominions ɾticipated providing an enormous area for trade and for industrial and ɾicultural development, and above all an area in which the free move-ɛnts of populations would not only be allowed, but would be encouraged, ɛms to be the only possible solution in the long run for Italy's economic d social problems, as I believe it to be for our own.

(*The author, a barrister, is Member of Parliament for Widnes.*)

# THE OLYMPIC GAMES

By Lord Aberdare

IT is generally agreed that the first Olympiad, a four-year period extending from the year in which Olympic games were held, started in 776 B.C. It derived its name from Olympia, a sacred precinct in the westernmost Greek province of Elis, eleven miles distant from the Ionian Sea, where the river Cladeus flowing from the north joined the Alpheus from Central Arcadia.

There are many legends purporting to tell how the games started, one of them being about Heracles, who challenged his four brothers to run in a race and, having won it, was crowned, as all victors were, with a wreath of wild olive leaves cut from a sacred olive tree. Thereafter the contest was held every fifth year because five brothers had competed in the race. Another legend and a more likely one, is that they owe their origin to funeral games held in honour of tribal chieftains and their restoration to Pelops, the grandson of Zeus, at whose tomb ancient tribes gathered in order to worship their hero in the form of funeral games. Whether this was so or not it can safely be said that games festivals in Greece had a religious character dating back long before 776 B.C., and originating in the belief that the shades of the dead were gratified by such spectacles as had delighted them during their earthly life.

During the Homeric age these festivals were sacrifices followed by games at a tomb or before a funeral pyre. Gradually they grew into rites observed by an entire community and celebrated near the shrine of the god in whose honour they were instituted. The idea then developed that the gods themselves were present but invisible, and delighted in the ceremonies and competitions.

The participants in such contests may not have had much practice for the games but they were probably well developed and carefully trained for war, which was of constant recurrence, on neighbouring tribes. By 776 B.C. the games of Olympia were held in such high esteem that all the tribes of Greece suspended hostilities for this festival.

The games usually took place during the month of August and lasted about seven days. Only freemen of pure Hellenic blood were permitted to enter, though barbarians and Greek slaves were allowed to witness them. Contestants had to be of exceptional moral, physical and mental fitness, and to be sponsored by relatives bearing witness that they had committed neither crime nor sacrilege. It was universally agreed that it was necessary for each competitor to train for ten months before the

ames and that the last month of training had to be done in the gymnasium
Olympia and under the guidance of the specially appointed judges.
During this last difficult month of training the judges eliminated those
ey thought did not reach a high enough standard. The athletes had to
vear that they had trained faithfully for ten months and that they would be
ir and honest in their competition. Following this ceremony the names
f those athletes who had qualified were broadcast and written upon a
rge white board. It was considered an exceptional honour even to be
lowed to contest at all, while the winner received the very highest
onour from his city and nation. He was usually escorted to his home
a a triumphal procession and allowed to enter his city by a specially made
reach in the wall, an act to signify that a city having such an inhabitant
equired no ramparts. Also he was honoured by banquets at the public
xpense and often was exempted from taxes.

Before the Greeks built a stadium their racecourse consisted of a plot
f level ground over which the contestants ran to a tree or rock, these
bjects marking their finishing line. For a longer race the competitors
ere required to run to or around a tree and back to the starting line. The
rst stadium built was of a rectangular shape with stone slabs and pillars
narking the starting and finishing lines. It was laid out on land surrounded
y sloping ground and stone seats were built for the convenience of
pectators.

Running races were the only events contested during these early
Olympiads. The length of the shortest race was 210 yards and was
alled the stadion or stade race. Another popular race was that of 420
ards and the longest was about three miles. Gradually the following
vents were added to the programme : armour races, boxing, wrestling,
hariot races, pentathlon (long jumping, running, throwing the discus,
hrowing the javelin and wrestling), pancration (wrestling and boxing, in
vhich victory was not decided until one of the competitors was killed or
ifted up a finger thus declaring he was unable to continue the contest),
elay races and a torch race (held at night, the winner being the one who
eached the finishing line with his torch still alight).

Competitors and spectators found their way to Olympia not only from
Greece itself but from Magna Graecia, Asia Minor and the four corners
f the Hellenic world.

Greece was in the ancient world what Great Britain has been in the
ew ; its citizens were lovers of the sea and great colonizers. From every
oint on the horizon all eyes looked to Olympia. The larger city states
ent embassies and many foreign nations were represented.

The Olympic games which at first were of a local character gradually
ecame Pan-Hellenic, and of the four games which attracted wide attention
hose of Olympia consecrated to Olympian Zeus, father of all the gods,
ecame by far the most important. At the start of the games all athletes
tood before the statue of Olympian Zeus to swear that they would abide

by the judges' decisions and to offer up prayers for victory. The judges too took oaths that their decisions would be just. A fanfare of trumpets followed and a procession of the competitors was formed to the stadium, where orators from their native cities exhorted them to win. When the games started a trumpet blast sounded the event and the names of the contestants, their city and parentage were announced by heralds. At the conclusion of the event, the trumpet sounded for silence and the judges proclaimed their decision. A palm branch was placed in the hand of the winner and a wreath of wild olive from a sacred tree in the Altis, the sacred enclosure, on his brow. Heralds announced his name and city and the honour of having his statue erected in the Altis was awarded him.

Wrestling was for a long time the favourite contest among the Greeks and later the pentathlon, a combination of five contests designed to show an all-round proficiency. These were a running long jump with dumb-bells, a running race, throwing the four-pound discus, hurling the javelin (a spear believed to have been about three feet long and $\frac{3}{4}$-inch thick) and wrestling. The programme of the penthathlon was completed in one day, the competitors being gradually eliminated, until only two remained for the final wrestling match.

In all contests of any description the athletes performed entirely naked. Women were not allowed to participate in or witness the games. They were however allowed to enter chariots for the chariot races. Also they instituted an athletic festival for themselves, known as the Heraea, which was celebrated every four years shortly after the Olympic games. These games comprised running races only.

In the men's events boxing was an especially severe and brutal affair, as each contestant fought with a cestus, a series of ox-hide thongs bound together with lumps of hardened leather, nails and lead buckles, and each contest was a fight to the finish. The pancration ("all strength"), a combination of wrestling and boxing and the last word in all-round brutality, brought into play every muscle in the body. It was fought until one man yielded.

Horse races with bare-back riders were added later and some stadium events suitable for boys. At the 25th Olympaid the four-horse chariot race was included as a compliment to the men of wealth from all parts of the Hellenic world. To encourage the training of warriors for the army, the hoplitodromos was inaugurated. This race as the word implies was for the soldier who had to run with spear and shield and in full fighting order the entire length of the stadium—210 yards and back—and obviously required great endurance.

The games concluded with the procession of the victors to the Temple of Zeus in the sacred Altis, where stood the famous ivory and gold statue of Olympian Zeus. It was sculpted by Phidias (c. 434 B.C.), stood sixty feet in height and was one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world. Before this statue final sacrifices and the closing ceremonies were perfor-

ied. A public banquet at which odes to the victors were spoken by ie best Hellenic poets concluded the festival. Orators, musicians, istorians, dramatists and philosophers were present and a certain cultural mosphere arose as a result.

Such were the Olympic games at their zenith. But, after Corinth fell in 46 B.C. and Greece became a Roman Province, Greece became less and ss conspicuous and her high standards of honour and sportsmanship eclined. Professional athletes began to appear at the games, travelling om one contest to another, prostituting the original idea of clean mateur sportsmanship and degrading it to a trade. In 394 A.D. the mperor Theodosius, the last great ruler of the Roman Empire, from his rone in Constantinople issued a decree suppressing Olympic games.

Thus for over 1,000 years from the first recorded Olympiad in 776 B.C. 392 A.D., the year of the last ancient Olympiad, there had been an nbroken record every four years of 292 Olympiads.

Less than a hundred years later, in 476 A.D., Rome capitulated to the arbarians. Phidias' great statue of Olympian Zeus was carried off to onstantinople, where it was destroyed in a fire ; the Goths overran the emple of Zeus at Olympia and as the result of an earthquake during the xth century A.D. the temple was finally demolished. Simultaneously a ndslide and an extensive inundation of the River Alpheus covered the ins of Olympia with a layer of sand and mud fifteen to twenty feet deep. n this condition the sacred precinct lay for thirteen centuries, till Ernst urtius of Berlin, with the financial assistance of the German Emperor, arted to remove the overlying soil, a task he completed by 1881.

The revival of the Olympic games, the first of which was celebrated in thens, capital city of Greece, in 1896, was due to the idealism and nterprise of Baron Pierre de Coubertin, who forsook a political career to evote his young manhood to the introduction of sport into the educa- onal life of his young French countrymen. To this end he travelled idely in America and England to study the organization of sport and its nportance in the lives of the people of those countries.

It was in 1892 that he first propounded his desire for a new era in ternational sport. At a meeting of the *Union des Sports Athletiques* in rance he made his first public pronouncement as follows :—

> Let us export our oarsmen, our runners, our fencers into other lands. That is the true free trade of the future and the day it is introduced into Europe the cause of peace will have received a new and strong ally. It inspires me to touch upon the further step I now propose and in it I shall ask that the help you have given me hitherto you will extend again, so that together we may attempt to realize upon a basis suitable to the conditions of our modern life the splendid and beneficent task of reviving the Olympic games.

For a time there was no perceptible result but two years later a circular all athletic associations pointing out " the necessity to preserve in Sport hose characteristics of nobility and chivalry which have distinguished

it in the past, so that it may continue to play the same part in the education of the peoples of to-day as it played so admirably in the days of Ancient Greece" brought together in June 1894 to the amphitheatre of the Sorbonne enough delegates from various countries to found the International Olympic Committee. This Committee, though much enlarged, still controls the games and has remained self-appointed.

At the original meeting Baron de Coubertin proposed that the first games of the new era should be celebrated at Athens, and this proposal met with unanimous approval. Thus started the series of modern Olympiads of which in the summer of 1948 London is celebrating the XIVth—though it will only be the eleventh time the modern Olympic games have actually taken place.

Baron Pierre de Coubertin so excellently expressed his inmost feelings that I quote him once again : " The main issue in life is not the victory but the fight ; the essential is not to have won but to have fought well. To spread these precepts is to pave the way for a more valiant humanity. *Joie des muscles, culte de la beauté, travail pour le service de la famille et de la Société ; ces trois elements unis en un faisceau indissoluble.*" " May joy and good fellowship reign and in this manner may the Olympic Torch pursue its way through the ages, increasing friendly understanding among nations for the good of a humanity always more enthusiastic, more courageous, more pure." These words were repeated across the globe and form the basis of a healthy and happy philosophy. The Olympic movement gives the world a great ideal.

(*The author is a member of the Executive Committee of the International Olympic Committee and of the Organizing Committee for the London Olympic Games, July,* 1948).

# THOUGHTS BEFORE LAMBETH

By Hugh Ross Williamson

IN 1931 Mr. T. S. Eliot began his famous pamphlet, *Thoughts After Lambeth*, thus : " The Church of England washes its dirty linen in public. It is convenient and brief to begin with this metaphorical statement." It is also convenient to borrow his metaphor and here point out immediately that the findings of the Lambeth Conference, which opens to-day and continues till August 8, have no more authority, in a legal or canonical sense, than the conclusions reached at a tea-party of Christian washerwomen. As the Bishop of Ely has put it : " The decisions of a Lambeth Conference have no authority binding on the consciences even of members of the Anglican Communion." It is true that he added immediately, in tones unmistakably episcopal, that " on the other hand, any decision that had been reached by the assembled bishops had serious import and was received with respect." But the important point is that Lambeth is essentially a bishops' theological debating society and not, in the accepted sense, a Council of the Church—a point which is often missed by laymen who are impressed by the spectacle of so many bishops together in one place, talking earnestly, agitatedly and abstrusely.

One of the questions, for example, to be discussed is the matter of intinction—that is to say, administering Holy Communion not in two kinds separately but by the method of touching each separate wafer with the priest's wafer which has been dipped in the chalice. The practice is in use in most Low churches in America and the opinion of the American bishops will, therefore, on the practical side, be of much interest. It is essentially a practical matter—there is no basic theological question involved—but one can almost see in advance headlines announcing : " Denial of the Chalice to the Laity " to arouse the latent prejudices of the millions who would never dream of presenting themselves at the altar rails. And another question, marriage discipline, is certain of popular attention, although its discussion at Lambeth concerns Christians only, since Church law and State law on marriage are already two different things.

The agenda for the Conference covers a very wide field. It is divided into five parts—the Christian Doctrine of Man, the Church and the Modern World, the Unity of the Church, the Anglican Churches and, lastly, questions referred to the Conference by Member Churches which include Marriage Discipline, the relation between Baptism and Confirmation,

Deaconesses and Intinction. As *The Church Times* pertinently remarked:

> To some it may appear at first sight that some of the subjects to be discussed are more suitable to a refresher course or a summer school than for a council of prelates destined to steer the Church's course through what may prove to be one of the most difficult periods in her history. Must bishops from all parts of the globe be summoned to England to discuss the Christian way of life for man or the nature and mission of the Church? Is their journey really necessary?

But, of course (as that newspaper also pointed out) the theological issues are anything but an impromptu debate. Reports on all the questions have long ago been prepared by committees of experts and memoranda of these were circulated to all visiting bishops before they left their own countries. Whatever theological definitions emerge from the Conference will be the result of careful thought, preparation and argument by the trained minds of the Church, not necessarily the bishops at all, and as such they will command and deserve careful study when the printed Report is issued.

Yet a view of Lambeth which sees it only in terms of a majestic continuity of theological discussion and definition would be as misleading as either of the misconceptions we have dismissed. In the last analysis most things, even a Lambeth Conference, can be brought down to a fine point; and the fine point this month is III. b.iii on the agenda—III. The Unity of the Church (b) Anglican relations with other Churches (iii) The Church of South India. Here there is enough explosive material to disrupt the Church of England.

Last September four Anglican dioceses in South India—Madras, Travancore, Tinnevelly and Dornakal—were "given their freedom" to unite with nonconformists to form the new "Church of South India." The archbishops and diocesan bishops of England and Wales had previously given unanimous approval of the following resolution:

> We wish to assure the Bishops and the ordained and lay members of our Communion who in September will be going forth to form with others the South India Church, of our prayers and of our continued fellowship in Christ. It is our most earnest hope that God will use them and their fellow-members in the South India Church to set forward the Gospel with power and to help the people of India to grow in unity; and that He will guide their venture of faith to the day when there will be full communion between the South India Church and ourselves.

There is not, that is to say, at present inter-communion between the Church of South India and the Church of England, since, in the former, the nonconformist pastors and 'bishops' have not been episcopally ordained. And, by the doctrine of the Church which is still binding on Anglicans, the four dioceses were not so much "given their freedom" as "forced into schism".

All Anglicans are only too well aware of the bitter controversy which has been proceeding for years on this issue and which, if it seems to have died down for the moment, has only done so because everybody is waiting "to see what Lambeth is going to do about South India." This is not the place to recall the ramifications of the controversy, but it is necessary briefly to state the principles involved, since without knowing them the

roceedings at Lambeth will be largely unintelligible.

What are in conflict are two antithetical views of the nature of the hurch—the one regarding it as a divinely fixed constitution, with inistry, faith and sacraments reaching back through the Apostles to hrist, the other assuming that any group of genuine Christian believers n create the Church at any time and place. In the former, which may be ughly called the " Catholic " view, the episcopate is essential ; to the tter, which is the nonconformist, it is not, though an episcopate may have certain utilitarian value. By its formularies the Church of England is mmitted to the " Catholic " side.

In all questions of re-union, this matter of episcopacy becomes the ux of the matter. The Church of England has, historically, fought for nturies a warfare on two fronts. Against the Church of Rome, she has sisted that her orders are valid ; against the nonconformists, that orders e essential. Theoretically, her position is unequivocal ; but in practice, e intransigence of Rome on the one hand and the Church of England's ng co-operation with nonconformists in many spheres of Christian tivity on the other have tended to a certain blurring of distinctions.

In 1886, a General Convention of the Episcopal Church of the United ates of America meeting at Chicago, drew up what is known as the hicago Quadrilateral. It was—and is—binding on the Episcopal hurch and defined essentials on which no compromise could be made. hey were the Bible, the Creed, the Sacraments of Baptism and Holy mmunion, and " the Historic Episcopate, locally adapted in the ethods of its administration to the varying needs of the nations and oples called of God into the unity of His Church." The acceptance these four things are " essential to the restoration of unity " ; unless a hristian communion is prepared to accept *at least* these articles, no dis-ussion—and still more no inter-communion—is possible.

Two years later, at the third Lambeth Conference of 1888, these points ere, substantially, adopted in a form which has since been known as the ambeth Quadrilateral, but with two significant differences. The first as that, as has been pointed out, the decisions of a Lambeth Conference e binding on no one, the second was that the four points were described " a basis for reunion." As Louis A. Haselmayer has put it in his portant book *Lambeth and Unity* :

> Instead of keeping to the Chicago statement that the elements of the Quadrilateral were *inherent parts of this sacred deposit and therefore essential to the restoration of unity,* it declared that they supplied *the basis on which approach might be, under God's blessing, made toward Reunion.* The influence of this subtle change has not been sufficiently noted. For it has changed the whole goal of union, and opened the way for the most unfortunate series of glossings and interpretative readings of the elements of the Quadrilateral by the later Lambeth Conferences of 1920 and 1930. . . This has been true particularly of the final article—the " Historic Episcopate". That phrase can become just a way of saying a form of Church government which has historic sanction, a form of Church government which has no theological basis ; or merely a form of

ministry universally acknowledged by the Church in its present state of division. This alteration has resulted in a total theological deterioration of the Quadrilateral. All specific proposals for union between provinces of the Anglican communion and Protestant Christian bodies during the past forty years have been constructed under the influence of this deterioration. If one studies the successive revisions of the South India Scheme . . . one can see that the principle of the manufacturing of union out of the least common denominator of agreement has been the guiding structural principle of these reports. The ideal of a restoration of unity based upon the essential inherent elements of Apostolic Christianity has played no part in the composition of these plans . . . In South India, the plan was put through by what seems to be a series of legal manipulations and constitutional evasions.

For some years, it appeared that the authorities of the Church of England were prepared to admit such an elasticity of interpretation of the nature and functions of the Episcopate that the Church of South India, with its unordained ministers and therefore (from the Catholic point of view) invalid sacraments, would be recognized as part of the Anglican communion. Even the possibility of such a step drove a considerable number of Anglicans, both priests and laity, to Rome ; and it was widely rumoured that threats of more widespread secessions, in one form or another, which would have very gravely imperilled the stability, if not the existence, of the Established Church, were not altogether without their effect on the final decisions. It is quite certain that, were Lambeth to advise or countenance inter-communion with the South India Church, the Church of England, as we know it to-day, would not long survive.

Item III. b. iii is thus the critical point of the Conference, not only as regards its practical consequences, but also because the conclusion taken there implicitly sums up the theological position. Arguments about the mission of the Church, the relation of the Church to the State, forms of worship and questions of organization all depend finally on what " the Church " is conceived as being ; and the South India matter forces precise definition.

It is against this background that one must consider the Affirmations of the Evangelical Congress which are to be presented to Lambeth. That Congress was held in April and included all the leading " Low " church representatives. Most of the " Affirmations " are theological statements with which no one is likely to disagree, but the penultimate paragraph asserts that " we welcome the inauguration of the United Church of South India as being at once the fruit of a spirit-inspired evangelism, a direct response to the needs of those as yet unevangelized, and the earnest of a still greater unity among Christians throughout the world. We would pray our Fathers in God to lead us at the earliest possible moment into full communion with this Church."

This attitude is reinforced by the Bishop of Winchester's introduction to the official *Handbook of the Lambeth Conference*. He writes :

Many Anglicans will be grieved that this Church (the South India United Church) should not have been asked to send representatives to exchange greetings with the Bishops of Lambeth. The decision, however, is not unreasonable if only because,

for practical reasons, the invitations to representatives of non-Anglican Churches have to be limited in number and geographical area. . . . If the great venture towards Christian re-union in South India works out, as all should hope and pray, successfully and happily, and it is followed by other such ventures in other lands, the Lambeth Conference of the Anglican Communion will inevitably and happily decrease in importance, and some form of General Council of Churches, increasingly reunited in their respective areas, will come more and more to the front.

rom these two quotations it will be immediately apparent where official " sympathy lies.

The attitude of the " High " Church party, though it is clearly enough nown, has not yet been exactly defined in terms of a resolution to be resented to Lambeth, for the Anglo-Catholic Congress is meeting this ionth, from July 5 till July 10. It is likely that the Bishop of Winchester's rticle, adumbrating the end of Lambeth Conferences and the substitution f a " Council of Churches " will cause any resolution to be framed in igidly uncompromising terms, for the assumptions underlying the ishop's statement are that the Church of England is merely one among everal Protestant sects and that the word " Church " can be applied to a ody which lacks or repudiates a validly-ordained ministry. The fact iat the subject of the Anglo-Catholic Congress is " The Church " lends olour to the belief that the Catholics will reaffirm—and ask Lambeth to affirm—the Quadrilateral rather in the Chicago than in the Lambeth ense—that is to say, that episcopacy is to be accepted as an essential part f the Divine deposit and that, until that is done, questions of reunion annot be considered. Here they will be certain of the support of the merican bishops, who, whatever their private predilections, are bound by ie Chicago Quadrilateral ; of a considerable number of overseas bishops ithin the Commonwealth and of the very few of Catholic bishops n England.

Whatever diplomatic formula is adopted at Lambeth to appear to econcile the irreconcilable—and the ingenuity of the Archbishop of anterbury will be taxed to the utmost—it is in fact unlikely that any ecision will be arrived at which the Catholic party could not accept ; or equivocation on the vital matter of orders would drive countless men nd women, priests, laity and members of the Religious Orders, to a ranch of the Church which has never compromised on this issue—to ome or to the Orthodox communion. It would be a secession even reater than that of Newman and his friends a century ago—an action aken for not dissimilar reasons and one from which the Church of England as not even yet fully recovered.

It is—to return at the end to the beginning—quite true that, as Lambeth as no authority, such a step, even if any number of heretical decisions ere taken, might be logically indefensible. But this issue goes far deeper han logic. The bishops are, after all, bishops. And this very fact may, n the end, falsify all predictions and frustrate all fears. For, odd as it ay seem, the Holy Spirit may take control.

# TURGENEV

## By Lord David Cecil

SOME time toward the second half of the last century there appeared in the bookshops of western Europe the translation of a novel of Ivan Turgenev. It was the first work by an important Russian author so to be translated; and the impression made was tremendous. In Paris—then the centre of all that was most alive in the world of art and letters—fastidious and intelligent critics vied with one another in praise. Flaubert, the most fastidious and intelligent of the lot, even went so far as to say: "This gigantic Scythian has surpassed us all." Turgenev, however, proved no isolated phenomenon. During the years that followed his entry on to the stage of western Europe he was succeeded by that of other Scythians not less gigantic. And the impression made by two of them in particular, Tolstoy and Dostoievsky, was so dazzling as to dim for a time that made by the first star; so that, in general, the reputation of Turgenev has been overshadowed by that of his two tremendous compatriots.

It is natural that it should be. In some important respects they are more impressive. Turgenev is not built on the same scale, he is not so gigantic a giant. He lacks Tolstoy's sheer breadth of vision, embracing as it does equally in its view peasants and princes, duck-shooting and religious doubt. Nor has he Dostoievsky's power to illuminate with the same intensity of spiritual insight, the depths of criminal degradation and the heights of religious ecstacy. Beside *War and Peace* or *The Possessed*, Turgenev's novels look a little pale. Yet if we give him time, if we let our eyes grow accustomed to his lower scale of tone, his spell begins to work on us; and we shut the book not at all so sure that Turgenev is inferior to his majestic brother authors. For, as might be expected, Flaubert had ground for his sweeping statement. Turgenev has his own merits—merits denied to Tolstoy and Dostoievsky—that give him a secure place among the world's supreme novelists.

Nor is he so wholly different from other Russians as might appear. He is more like them than he is like Fielding or Balzac. Common nationality, common civilization, imposes on its children a common outlook. Turgenev's imagination works on the world of human beings and their relationships, which is always the novelist's subject matter, in what is to a western eye a distinctively Russian way. It combines, that is to say, as that of other novelists do not, an extreme realism with an extreme spiri-

lity. Russian novels are both more realistic and more religious than ıer novels. There is no doubt about their realism. From Lermontov Chekov, the Russian genius is out to describe experience exactly as it is. parently they never feel any temptation to reject or modify any aspect the reality they are describing for artistic reasons. They do not tamper h the facts in order to make their story more shapely or more pleasing more dramatic. Nor do they intensify their effect by steeping the sober ts of life in a glow of fantasy. Dostoievsky writes novels about gious experience, like Shorthouse : unlike Shorthouse, however, he es not actually bring the supernatural on the stage. *War and Peace* is a torical novel like *Waverley*, but Tolstoy does not explore the picturesque l the romantic aspects of the past as Scott does. Russian literature, like er literatures, has given us lovable heroines, but they are never idealized tures of femininity. The heroines are described as unsentimentally l with as careful regard for realistic truth as everybody else. Indeed, it is ttle disconcerting at first to find their creators carefully pointing out t some charming girl has " a thick nose " or " a muddy complexion " or small wart on the chin ". Equally their plots are true to fact. Chekov's ries, compared to the short stories of his western contemporaries, have plot in the conventional sense of the word. Beginning in the middle a situation, they stop as often as not abruptly and indeterminedly, like episode in real life.

Yet though the Russians are realistic they are not materialistic. Here in they differ from the writers of the west. Western realists, upassant and Zola, represent human beings as ruled and conditioned by nomic and physical circumstances. Not so the Russians : for the ristian religion had soaked itself so deeply into every fibre of Russian iety, that to Russians, the soul was as unquestioned a fact as the body. y true picture of reality must include it. Indeed the soul—as must vitably be the case for a genuine believer—is the picture's most important ure. These realistic stories about generals and civil servants are, first all, stories about the progress of their souls : these realistically-drawn oines have always an intense and active spiritual life. No doubt the racters in Russian novels do many of the same things that they do in stern novels ; marry, make money, pursue worldly advantage. But se activities are shown always in relation to the central action, the gress of the soul ; and their interest lies in how far they affect it. Will my spirit be satisfied if I marry X ? " the Russian heroine asks self. " Will it help me to lead a good life ? " And finally : " What I mean by good ? " It is their preoccupation with these matters which so many of their first English readers—virtuous, healthy, confident listines—to condemn the Russians as introspective. They are introctive as much as anyone is, who is conscious of having a soul, and a y to it.

This mixture of realism and spirituality is as characteristic of Turgenev

as of Tolstoy or Dostoievsky. His books are varied in subject ; sketches of peasant life, love stories, one semi-political novel, *Virgin Soil*, two straight studies of character, *Fathers and Children* and *Rudin*. But all are treated from the Russian angle of vision. Turgenev is vigilantly realistic. If he has a plot in the western sense, as in *The House of Gentlefolk*, it is a strictly probable one, arising logically from character and situation. And his most characteristic books, like *Fathers and Children* and *Rudin* have no such regular plot, but are just a series of apparently insignificant incidents. The characters too are realistically described. They are good and bad, comic and serious, but never artificially divided into heroes and villains, serious parts and comic relief. Nor are they types or symbols ; each is carefully individualized, all are described with the same detailed realism.

On the other hand all are related to a spiritual standard. *The House of Gentlefolk*, for example, is the story of a man who, thinking his wife dead, engages himself to a virtuous young girl. The wife returns, and the lovers have to part. This is a more conventional plot than is usual with Turgenev, and could have been treated as a straight love story, passionate and pathetic. For Turgenev, however, the significance of the action lies in its relation to the spiritual health of the hero and heroine. Lavretzky, the hero, hopes that love will redeem his hitherto wasted life. The heroine, Lisa, takes its unhappy end as a sign that it was a love not blessed by God, whose very rapture was a danger, since it led the soul to set itself on things of this world. In expiation she becomes a nun. Turgenev's other stories have a similar sort of significance. Always the characters are in search of spiritual satisfaction, always they are regarded as successful in so far as they attain it.

So far Turgenev's books are like those of the other Russians. After this we find a difference. The Russian point of view rests upon an acceptance of the Christian interpretation of the human predicament. Human life, that is to say, is unsatisfactory in so far as it is out of touch with God. With Tolstoy and Dostoievsky this Christian point of view means an actual profession of Christianity, according to their respective and highly individual interpretations of that faith. With Turgenev not : intellectually he was an agnostic. There might be a God, on the other hand there might not. There might be an after life, he tended to think there was, but he could not say for certain. Human life was a mystery, a brief, inexplicable flash of light between darkness and darkness. Yet Turgenev was not hostile to Christianity. He had been soaked in it tradition too early. Indeed, his reactions to life are more essentially Christian than those of many officially orthodox persons. He describes religious characters with an exquisite sympathy, and his own moral standards are Christian standards. As with Thomas Hardy, another reluctant agnostic, the specific Christian virtues, charity, humility, resignation, are the most beautiful to him. He blesses the meek and pure of heart, those that hunger and thirst after righteousness. Love to him is the

filling of the law. Further he has the Christian sense of the congenital ilty and imperfection of human beings. " There was no reproach in l: heart ; she did not dare to question God's will " ; so he says of ena at that final catastrophe of her life, when the lover for whom she s sacrificed everything, lies dead before her eyes. " She did not ask why : had punished her beyond her gift, if she were guilty. Each of us is ilty, by the fact that he lives ; and there is no one so great a benefactor mankind that he might hope to have a right to live for the service he s done." Once more like Hardy, Turgenev casts a longing, lingering ok behind him to that pure bright faith which he had lost. His pro- ndest book *Fathers and Children* ends with a desperate cry of uncertain iant belief in the possibility of some after-life in which wrong shall be hted and suffering relieved. Bazarof dies ; his broken hearted old rents, who had hoped so much for him, come to mourn over his grave.

Can it be that their prayers, their tears are hopeless ? Can it be that love, holy, devoted love is not all-powerful ? Ah, no ! however passionate, sinning and rebellious is the heart that lies in the grave, yet the flowers growing over it gaze at us serenely and with innocent eyes ; telling us of peace—not merely the great peace of indifferent nature—but also of eternal reconciliation, of life without end.

Christian feelings without Christian faith—this about sums up rgenev's condition of mind. Inevitably it makes his picture of life ad one. Not disagreeably sad ; for there is nothing ugly or mean out it. On the contrary, Turgenev's picture shows he was peculiarly ponsive to the noble and the beautiful. Unfortunately, however, he s not sure whether they corresponded to anything permanent in the iverse ; whether in fact human beings were not the creatures of some hless, mechanical, unknown force. Lisa may become a nun in order find salvation for her soul—who knows if salvation, as she means it, sts ? Elena may accept her tragedy as a just chastisement for the sins mankind ; but perhaps the beauty of her resignation will be her only vard. When all is said, the significance of human life remains clouded sad, insoluble mystery. But this does not make Turgenev love life less. deed, his rapture at its beauty is all the more poignant because he feels t beauty to be so elusive, so fleeting. Here we come to the second ain in his prevailing mood which differentiates it from that of the other ssian classics. He is much more specifically and consciously aesthetic his reponse to experience. He looks to beauty for his chief satisfaction life. Natural temperament was primarily responsible for this ; but philosophy or lack of philosophy encouraged him still further. Beauty s a consolation. When all else is uncertain, beauty could still make life rth living. For Turgenev beauty included moral beauty. Here he arates himself from the professional aesthete of the west, and reveals congenital Christianity of his outlook. Flowers and trees, music and etry are lovely, but even lovelier is human virtue. But it is a difference degree, not kind. Virtue appealed to Turgenev in the same way as

flowers and music did. His standard of value was fundamentally aesthetic.

So also was his attitude to his work. Unlike most novelists he approaches both his subject-matter and his treatment of it from as aesthetic a point of view as a musician's. It is his aesthetic impulse that makes him write at all. He doesn't want to give us facts, still less to preach a gospel: he simply wants to create something beautiful. Perhaps this accounts for his relative lack of intensity; for it does imply a certain detachment. But it also gives his achievement its unique quality. The fact that he is far more continuously inspired by his sensibility to the beautiful than are most novelists makes the novel in his hands far more consistently a work of art, a work of art in the sense that a sonata of Mozart is. Incidentally, he is one of the few writers who can describe the effect of a work of art convincingly. He succeeds in making us feel that Lemm's sonata in the *House of Gentlefolk*, and the victorious song in the singing match in *The Sportsman's Sketches* were as beautiful as their hearers thought them to be. But Turgenev's aesthetic sensibility shows itself everywhere in his work. In his settings, for example, the landscape plays an enormous part in his picture. It is impossible to recall a Turgenev story without evoking in our imagination the Russian scene in which it is set—the birch trees and far horizons and sweeping cornfields, shimmering in the sunshine or shadowy in the pale light of the moon. For a parallel in English literature we have to go to Hardy. But Hardy's use of landscape is different. For him it is a symbol; black Egdon Heath stands for the inhuman forces of nature against which frail mortality struggles in vain. Turgenev's use of landscape is purely aesthetic. The birch tree and the cornfield are just birch tree and cornfield. As much as to Peter Bell, the primrose by the river's brim was, to Turgenev, a simple primrose. But he saw it with so exquisite a precision, such a feeling for its individual quality—that it stirs in us the same sentiment that a real primrose would.

Equally discriminating is Turgenev's appreciation of moral virtue. This appears above all in his heroines. Though subtly different in detail, they are alike in type. Lisa, Marianna, Elena—all are of the same family, simple and single-minded, pure and passionate. Turgenev does not idealize them. They are also uncompromising, angular and capable of impulses of fierce indignation. But this does not make us love them less. On the contrary, the fact that they have weaknesses makes them more convincingly human. Further, their defects are those of their characteristic virtues. They have the angularity of a still untarnished youthful idealism: their fire burns with a beautiful white virginal flame. After all heroic virtue is uncompromising. And theirs is a heroic virtue, not the mere gentle sweetness of the typical " good woman " of fiction. It is not that they are hard. Indeed the sterner strain in them gives them an extraordinary pathos, mingled as it is with a spirit tender, child-like and inexperienced, innocent of evil, vulnerable to suffering.

Turgenev's range is not confined to the beauty of virtue. He is also a ster at conveying the complex charm of less reputable types of women : brilliant, cold, honest Madame Odintsov of *Fathers and Children*, for mple. Or Zinaida in *First Love*, passionate and ironical, melting and gmatic. His portraits of the thoroughly bad reveal the same talent : ıa in *Smoke* is one of the few evil sirens of literature who convince us their power to charm. The charm is not a wholly pleasing one ; that ɔne of the most brilliant strokes in Turgenev's description. As the ɔk proceeds and we get to know Irina better, she begins to jar on our ral taste just as she would have done in life. Her arts reveal themselves ɔntrived and meretricious ; beside the pure, true note sounded by the oines, her personality rings false. Yet, her animal seductiveness, her tle indolent accomplishment, are given their alluring force ; so that do not think it strange that the hero should have been subjugated by . Well might a fine spirit succumb to something so dazzling and so ilized. Irina is an artist of the flesh ; and an artist of a high order.

t is to Turgenev's female characters that we find ourselves recurring. s was natural, seeing that he was such an aesthete. The heroines are objects of the hero's love. And love is the emotion most inextricably rtwined with the feeling for beauty ; only when it is irradiated by the nsfiguring light of love, is life to most people as beautiful as the artist gs for it to be. More than any other novelist, Turgenev describes it n the artist's point of view, discriminates with delicate accuracy the ering and characteristic aesthetic quality of its various moods and des—rapture, jealousy, desire, romantic reverie—the boyish ardour irst love, the mature man's sentiment that Lavretsky feels for Lisa, the ɔbbing, sensual obsession of *The Torrents of Spring*, the lyrical ideal sion of *On the Eve*. Yet, as always, Turgenev's preoccupation with hetic considerations never weakens his hold on reality. His rendering ɔve is as true to sober experience, as it is melodious.

Turgenev's aesthetic impulse is of the very substance of his conceptions. hows itself just as much, however, in the form he imposes on his erial. No one has ever succeeded better in solving the central formal blem which faces the novelist ; to give a picture of life which gives a vincing illusion of every-day reality but which also has the shapeliness continuous significance that are the characteristic beauty of a work of Turgenev's Russian sense of reality make his illusion perfect. dent and character are photographically true to objective fact ; yet has its part to play in illustrating those underlying themes which give story significance. Lisa visits Lavretsky, who is falling in love with at his country home. She is wearing a straw hat with long ribbons. genev does not imply that there was anything unusual about it. No bt it was a pretty hat, but no masterpiece of the milliner's art. Yet e we have read the story, we never forget it. For to Lavretsky it ned to incarnate that girlish grace which draws him to Lisa ; so that

the hat shines out from the page, glorified by the glow of his dawning love. Turgenev's special art shows itself first of all in his eye for the significant detail and secondly in the self-discipline which leads him to limit his account only to those details that are significant. Nor does he make his effects obvious by too much comment or explanation. However complex the state of mind may be which he is describing, he never analyses ; but just picks out the features in it that illustrate his point, and then leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions.

The boyish hero of *First Love* passionately loves Zinaida. From a fourteen-foot wall he watches her walking in the garden. She looks up at him, and says teasingly : " Jump down into the road to me, if you really do love me." Turgenev tells us nothing of the effect of her words on the boy's mind. He simply says that they acted on him literally like a push in the back ; before he knows what he is doing he has made the fourteen-foot jump. No elaborate analysis could have conveyed so forcibly the obsessive, dominating quality of his passion. To take another instance from *Fathers and Children*. Madame Odintsov's feeling for Bazarof is extremely complex. He attracts her as no man has attracted her before. But the very strength of her sentiment rouses to combat that strong self-protective spirit of independence which has up to then been the ruling force in her life. Torn between the two she knows not whether she loves him or not. Suddenly she gets a message to say that he is dying. She feels impelled to go to him at once ; but, as she enters the sick room and sees his altered deathly countenance, she is conscious only of a chill dismay ; and the thought flashes through her : " If I had really loved him I should not have felt like this." One stroke : but no amount of explanation could have so vividly revealed her ultimate coldness ; and also that honesty of mind which made her recognize it.

It is this economical certainty of touch which gives Turgenev's picture the continuous significance of art. His sense of shapeliness is equally sure. In an author so rigidly realistic this is even more remarkable. After all, life as we know it is the opposite of shapely ; incorrigibly untidy, indeterminate, and heterogeneous. How is the artist, without distorting it, to compose it into a pleasing pattern ? Indeed, few have done so more than once in their career. In England, Jane Austen ; on the continent Turgenev. His books do every justice to the claims of art. Every incident, every character contributes to the development of the central theme. Yet he never seems artful. The people have such independent reality, their relations to each other seem so much the spontaneous expression of their natures, that they appear to have organized themselves into a unity by happy chance, and just for the moment that we happen to be looking at them.

For the moment only. It is Turgenev's special achievement always to keep us aware of time and space beyond the story. The little group of

people we see are part of the world outside which they have lived in before we meet them and to which they will return afterwards. The art by which he achieves this effect is as original as it is consummate. He has his own special formula which he uses again and again ; but always with a new variation, so that no book is a repetition of another. Generally the scene is set in a country district where a group of people find themselves settled for a month or two. For Turgenev introduces us to them. As soon as they are clearly established in our imagination he goes back and gives us brief biographies ; so we realize exactly who they are and what stage in their lives they have reached.

One of them—Rudin, Bazarof, Insarof, Lavretsky—is new to the others. His effect on the lives of the others is the theme of the story, the impact of his personality on them is the mainspring of the action. This action often slight in itself, but deeply important, because of the issues it involves, occupies the main portion of the book. After it has drawn to its end, in a last short section, Turgenev briefly relates the subsequent fate of his characters, so that the ultimate consequence of the central action is disclosed for us. Thus, in a brief three hundred pages he is able to survey several lives, indicate their relation to the greater world outside and to those general laws of human fate of which even this greater world is but an illustration, while contriving to preserve the concentration, the lucid economical beauty of the highest classical art.

Indeed Turgenev was rewarded for his undeviating devotion to aesthetic standards. He may not be the most powerful novelist, but who among the powerful novelists is so faultless a master of his craft ? No one else of the same emotional scope has so satisfactorily solved the central problems that confront the writer of fiction. And the result has the serene special beauty of something done perfectly. In his pages we see life reflected as in the still waters of a lake, with every nuance of sky and cloud and pendant willow-tree reproduced with meticulous accuracy ; and yet touched with an added enchantment that comes from the fact that they are mirrored in the transparent and gleaming element of Turgenev's art.

## NOON

By G. Rostrevor Hamilton

IN star and bell and spire
Unnumbered flowers held the noonday fire.
No petal stirred. No shadow fell.
No change of audible music broke the spell,
The interval where song had found perfection.

No breath to a ripple blew.
Even the sunlit specks that criss-cross flew
Were caught in hovering suspense,
Prisoned, it seemed, in crystal permanence,
Moments escaped from Time. I looked and listened.

Then one I had not seen,
Whom first I thought the gardener, between
Those ranks of flame and colour stood,
Clusters of lily, columbine, monk's hood,
And like a friend who knew my mind addressed me :

"This peace, this height of noon,
Trembles to fall, and fall it shall soon :
The grey wind blow and lengthening shade
Press a cold finger, and the roses fade,
And light in the moonless dark be unremembered.

" And yet not vain this show.
A peace there is your turning heart may know,
Before first vibrancy of light
And in, and after, storm and blackest night,
The conscious noon and concord of all passion :

" Concord that is of all
This fretting world the strange original—
Oh ! that lost earth, lost man, would come
The difficult way to their forgotten home,
Lovely and prodigal, their birthright wasted !

" Yet still they seek their good
By fluctuant hour and by transient mood.
In their brief noon they will not stay,
But labour to add swiftness to their day,
Conceive, prepare, pursue, press on to darkness."

# THE MAGIC OF YUCATAN

By Lilo Linke

ARRIVED in Merida, the capital of Yucatan, by air from La Habana. It is only a frog's jump across the water ; Cuba and Mexico almost touch here to complete the circle around the Gulf. But what a ference from the noisy surface world of the Cuban Negro Merida offers, perfect symbiosis of Spaniards and Maya Indians, the most truly *stizo* (mixed-breed) town I have ever seen. It was Sunday morning, and ng the straight white streets in the shade of the low box-like houses, ople walked towards the Central Square. In front of the colonial thedral, underneath the giant Indian laurels, the musicians took their ts on a wooden platform. Everybody was dressed in white : the yers of violins and guitars, the girl singers, the benevolent conductor, d the crowd pressing around them. The men wore white cotton suits stiffly starched and ironed that they crackled at each movement ; their ek black hair covered by wide-brimmed honey-coloured straw hats. The women, *mestizas* as well as Indians, wore the sleeveless shift-like *pil*, the square-cut neck and the hem circled by a cross-stitched wreath roses and carnations. At the nape of the neck large coloured silk bons sat like jungle butterflies, precariously resting on the knot of ck hair tightly drawn back from the low, rounded forehead ; and wers—jasmine, carnations, orange blossoms—were pinned to hair or ss more for their perfume than for any further need of adornment. d as the men's approach was audible by the swish of their clothes, so the men could be heard by the clinking of golden coins hung on a thick lden chain around their necks. Linking arms, the couples swayed tly to the music of the orchestra. Yucatan has two popular rhythms : ow, haunting waltz accompanying perhaps some verses by a well-known in American poet, and the fast *jarana*, to be danced with a change of ef jumps and short shuffles. The crowd listened with rapt attention. ways the song was love, and the men and women sang it under their ath, each couple as if it were written for them alone.

What is it a Yucatecan needs ? A little white-washed house with winging hammock inside, a table and a few chairs, some hooks on the ll to hang up clothes and utensils, a broom to sweep the earthen floor, narcoal brazier to toast *tortillas* (maize pancakes), and a place to wash, if sible twice a day. A man coming home from work has his arms en with fruit for his family : oranges, papayas, mameys, pomegranates,

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bananas and guanabanas, while a woman's love for her man is measured by the whiteness of his clothes.

Merida was once a rich man's town, but now it belongs to the people. For the last hundred years, henequen, the spiky agave plant which from the air looks like a huge star, has produced enormous wealth because a simple process extracts from it the valuable sisal fibre. In the beginning the plantations belonged to members of the white upper class who drove the *peones* like slaves. But the revolution came, in painful gushes breaking out irregularly throughout the years since 1910, and the land became the property of the State.

The former millionaire landlords had to turn their luxurious Merida mansions into boarding houses for smart U.S. tourists, while their country houses were turned into schools, co-operative storerooms, village halls, or simply left to decay. Ex-*peones* now Government tenants cultivated the plantations and in 1940 began to reap the benefit of the war boom when sisal, chiefly used for binder twine by U.S. farmers, became worth its weight in gold.

Part of the profits the henequen growers, under government control, spent on the erection of an enormous hospital. It was just ready for the solemn inauguration when I arrived in Merida in 1946, and the caretaker was only too anxious to show me round, his square chest swollen with pride. " This is one of the most modern hospitals in the world. There will be forty doctors working here, eleven of them for out-patients alone. We have three operating theatres, departments for blood transfusion, urology, ophthalmic, dental, orthopaedic treatment, X-ray rooms, laboratories, maternity wards, hairdressers, plumbers, carpenters, three hundred beds, five thousand sheets, two thousand striped dressing gowns, and twenty-four electric clocks. You must write this down and tell everybody that this is for working people who forty years ago were little better than slaves. Now, only the best is good enough for them. " But the first to whom I passed on the joyous news, a former landowner, said contemptuously : " Come back in a year's time, and you'll discover that they have forgotten to set aside funds for the upkeep of that vast palace which will quickly crumble into ruins ; that the shelves in the pharmacy are empty again ; and that neither doctors nor nurses are to be found at their posts ; in fact, that chaos reigns, and that the people's hopes have once more been deceived."

I did not go back, and so I do not know whether envy or experience spoke with such bitter tongue. I have seen enough of Latin America to realize that often such warnings are justified, but I cannot help feeling that in Yucatan things are different. The whole revolution, so confused, so haphazard in many parts of Mexico, had a firm core and direction here almost from the beginning. This was perhaps because everything is simplified into clear-cut opposites. Just as the 50,000 square miles of the peninsula stretch like a table under the simmering tropical sky, cut off by

e horizon nearly everywhere in a full circle. As three distinct zones n be easily defined according to the amount of rainfall, increasing with e distance from the sea (the dry henequen zone, the maize zone, and e jungle which cuts off the peninsula at its base from the rest of Mexico, om British Honduras and Guatemala) ; as dry and rainy season confront ch other without intermediary ; as man struggles against nature with othing but a bushknife in his hands—so nearly 200,000 *peones* stood face face with a few arrogant landlords.

There was enough of the Maya Indian in the *mestizo* to turn the revolu-on into a continuation of the War of the Castes. Already the Spanish nquerors who landed early on the coast of Yucatan (A.D. 1517) found easier to push on towards other parts of Mexico than to establish them-lves among the Mayas. Never were the Spaniards able to throw their t over the entire peninsula : in the heart of the jungle, the Indians lived n as if Columbus, as if Cortes had never been born. Then, in the 'forties f last century these isolated Indians were seized by the same unrest which that time held Europe in its grip, and started the most important of their bellions. For nearly fifty years they waged war on the whites, destroyed wns and villages, plundered, slaughtered, until the greater part of the eninsula was under their control. And when, early this century, from eneral exhaustion peace might have resulted, the great Mexican revolution as already dawning.

Yet, while the fighting was still in full swing, henequen became the ig export crop in the northern zone. And since the Mayas refused to end in sufficient numbers under the landlords' whip, thousands of Yaqui Indians were brought by force from the north-west of Mexico, housands of Chinese from Korea. But from the revolution onward, it as the *mestizo* who assumed the lead. 1911 saw the first big strike of ndustrial workers in Yucatan, 1915 the first students' strike (in which ere as everywhere in Latin America the older high school boys partici-ated). In 1916, the cathedral of Merida was sacked by anti-clerical rowds who also destroyed hundreds of churches and estate-chapels on he peninsula. Finally, in 1930, the first local Communist organization as set up.

But the party to which the loyal love of the Yucatecans belongs above ll is the " Socialist Party of the South East ". Preceding the Communist arty by almost two decades, it still dominates the political scene, though he period of its greatest brilliance is linked with the brief years of manhood f Felipe Carrillo Puerto. Already in his lifetime the aura of legend urrounded him. He came from the people, and for many years he earned is living as a mule driver conducting waggons with merchandise towards he eastern hinterland. The region was one of the principal seats of the ncient Maya civilization, but the Mayas as Felipe found them were eople ignorant of their past, unaware of their future. Felipe became a evolutionary by gathering the people around him to translate the new

Mexican Constitution into their own idiom. In 1915, he formed the first Workers' and Peasants' Union in his native village, and thus prepared the foundation of the Socialist Party whose leader he became a year afterwards. He was then forty-one, a good-looking man of medium height dressed in the typical white clothes of the *mestizo*, frank, smiling, optimistic, and without bitterness. In 1922, he became Governor of the Federal State of Yucatan, and because of its isolation, practically an independent ruler over some 400,000 people. He built schools and roads, speeded up the distribution of land, and spent much time travelling from hamlet to hamlet to continue his teaching and listen to the people's wishes and complaints. He was their father, their trusted judge, their great instructor. Even the Indians hidden in the jungle heard that someone was in power now who was on their side. Still he found time to read a lot, with the concentration of one searching for the wisdom of the ages to help him in his task. Oddly enough, Nietzsche was one of his favourite authors.

The idyll ended on Christmas Eve 1923. Yucatan could no longer live apart from the storms that swept over Mexico in restless gusts. A rebellion in Veracruz was followed by that of the Merida garrison. Felipe was arrested. Unwilling to have his followers confront with bushknives the machine guns of the army, he advised calm. With three of his brothers and several intimate friends he was flung into prison ; ten days later they were executed at dawn. " Don't abandon my Indians " were Felipe's last words.

People in all parts of Yucatan told me of those years, of the wave of fraternal enthusiasm that for the first time embraced the three zones in a common hope. His opponents call him either a mere demagogue or the Great Tempter who led the people along the road to damnation. But in the jungle I met simple Indians who spoke no Spanish, but whose brown eyes lit up in joy when they heard me pronounce his name, and who accepted me as their friend because of him, " the Apostle of Kindness and Love."

It is difficult today to believe in this background of centuries of violence and sanguinary struggle. Anywhere else in Mexico the bullfight could stand as an expression of the popular spirit. But in Yucatan it is not death with which people play, but life. Even love contains little of the dark consuming passion into which Mexicans generally like to precipitate themselves ; it is a gay affair nourished by fruit and playful kisses. There is also a special cordiality in the relationship between man and man, a gentle trust such as I have never found elsewhere.

When the Merida bus drivers discovered that I was interested in their conditions, they invited me to their headquarters. There they told me that of the 430 men who formed the Union of Busmen, every three own a small bus between them : one man drives, the other collects the fares, the third is off duty. The collector pays the other two a weekly salary and keeps the rest of the takings for himself. After a week, the three

change places. Out of their daily contributions to the union, they built their modern headquarters, with offices, lecture halls, a small modern clinic, a library, a kindergarten, and a school, all under the same roof. They formed a building, a funeral, an emergency fund, though it seems difficult to imagine an emergency with so much fore-thought.

The President, an elderly *mestizo* who had served them for twenty years, received no salary, but merely the income from his share in the bus which the others ran for him. He showed me their books and accounts, the cradles in the maternity ward, the big mural painting in the library. At last he led me into the courtyard, and pointing at the upper stories of two wings, he said simply: "Our school". His pale face shone with unearthly content. "For our children", he added. "We wanted them to get as good an education as the children of the rich." He took me from classroom to classroom. About three hundred boys and girls were brought up in six grades co-educationally, all dressed in white uniforms, the boys with caps like those their fathers wore as part of their smart outfit. But the boys would have nothing to do with buses; more than half of them would go on to government secondary schools, later to the university, to become doctors, engineers, chartered accountants; they would make enough money to travel in smart automobiles of their own.

"All the teachers", the President said when I shook hands with the staff, "hold normal school diplomas." "Are they all Yucatecans?", I asked as I looked at the twelve women, drawn up rigidly in their grey-haired respectability—no flighty youngsters to bring up the busmen's sons! "Yucatecans?", he asked surprised. "What else could they be?" The school was ten years old, but the kindergarten had only been opened two years ago. No Hollywood nursery could be brighter, gayer, have more toys. "We wanted our children to grow up without ever having to envy anyone," the President explained.

Every morning, in the courtyard, tables were set up to serve the children an ample breakfast of buns, milk and fruit. The milk came from fourteen well-fed cows (their health supervised by a veterinarian) bought by the careful busmen who took turns in fetching the milk, and in helping serve and supervise the breakfast. Thus unity was maintained between the generations. How conscious the men were of their purpose I realized when I read the words on a marble plaque in the hall: "The members of the Union of Busmen of Yucatan erected this school in the hope that their children, emulating this social effort, will surpass it, to testify to the spirit of construction and moral elevation of the people of Yucatan."

This desire for progress, for education, might be called the overriding passion of the Yucatecans. One afternoon, after a two-day journey by rail, lorry, and on horseback, I came to a hamlet erected among the ruins of one of the jungle-outposts destroyed in the War of the Castes. Some twenty families of nearly pure Maya origin were humbly living there, the men working in the bush during the rainy season as gatherers of chicle,

the raw material bought by U.S. manufacturers of chewing gum. They had petitioned the Government for a school and had been promised a teacher if they would provide the building. Together the men erected a primitive hut in the Yucatecan style : oval walls of wooden poles stuck into the ground, with four large upright poles supporting the thatched roof. The half of the building that was to serve as classroom had walls only waist-high ; nobody could complain of lack of air here.

The teacher came, a *mestizo* of twenty-one, full of missionary fervour. With the patience of a saint—though he confessed to religious indifference—he set to work with about thirty children of different ages who knew no Spanish and had no idea what a school was like. José struggled to make them understand, but they fidgeted and giggled and pushed each other off the benches (never had they sat so high), and literally ate their pencils. On this pandemonium the parents, standing in silent awe around the hut, looked on with the same pride in their eyes which I had observed in those of the busmen's president.

If there is one desire greater than that for education, it is that for water. Incessantly in Merida the metal wheels of the stilted windmills turn in the slightest breeze to pump the precious liquid up from underground, often from big rain-water tanks. The surface of Yucatan consists of porous limestone through which the rain of the wet season (in Merida itself even in good years no more than thirty-five inches) runs as through a sieve. The water collects, often at a depth of seventy-five feet and more and, when the surface limestone caves in, natural wells called *cenotes* are formed. The life of Yucatan villages depends on these wells. All day long there is a coming and going of girls in their white *huipils* carrying their brown water-jugs on their hips. It may take a girl two hours each day to carry enough water for the whole family ; cleanliness can also be a curse.

For Yucatan, the big irrigation schemes of the Mexican Government are therefore of vital importance. While I was travelling there, a thin tall engineer of Spanish descent was in charge of the work in the state of Yucatan. In looks and ardour a close relation to Don Quixote, he had elaborated special schemes to suit the region, with motor pumps working to fill concrete tanks, the bigger ones to serve a whole neighbourhood, the smaller ones, individual families. " Now that the war is over," he said as we drove along the dust-covered roads to inspect tank after tank, " the henequen boom will end, and the peasants must gradually turn to other crops. With small vegetable-gardening they can make a living and at the same time improve their own deficient diet. But, Lord, they are so slow to learn ! The government builds the tanks for them, sets up and presents them with the pumps, teaches them how to run the motors, advises them on the best use of their plots, and even gives them certain seeds. Besides, we are going to open a school to give their sons a year's practical instruction in intense agriculture adapted to the needs of the region. What more could they ask for ? "

But the peasants cultivating the state-owned land as well as the small proprietors are holding back. Hundreds of years of cautious husbandry have taught them to use water for man alone and even to dispense as far as possible with cattle and draft animals. And now the Government wants to pour water on the land—surely the wrath of the gods would be provoked by such reckless waste.

Day after day the engineer went all over the countryside as Felipe Carrillo had done twenty-five years ago, to talk, to teach, to encourage. "What a battle!", he said and turned his face away from me, tanned and as if sucked dry by the heat, with an expression of sad anger in his burning eyes. Yet a moment afterwards he smiled again as he presented me to Remigio Nic, an Indian who had been one of the first to let himself be persuaded. Nic's four-acre plot carried vegetables, papayas, orange-trees, and already the profits had allowed him to buy another acre. He was sixty-seven, a year older than the Chinese who worked with him and who was one of those brought over early this century. When the revolution freed him from his debt-slavery, he drifted around until Nic took him in. "Sing a song for the Señorita," Nic now coaxed him in Maya. And the wizened Chinaman straightened his back, pushed the large straw hat off his forehead, and broke into a nasal singsong, and beside him the three of us stood motionless under the cruel sun, a Maya Indian, a Spanish-Mexican engineer, and a European woman, each lost in a private dream and yet all bound together in a hope for tomorrow. The water in the foot-wide canals gurgled at our feet. Remigio Nic seemed unafraid of the ancient gods.

That evening, the engineer played his gramophone records for me. Accompanied by a million cicadas, Grieg's *Piano Concerto in A minor* rang out through the black tropical night. "I could not live without music," the engineer murmured, his slender fingers drumming a rhythm as alien to this land as the Chinaman's song in the morning.

But there was yet another memorable night for me before I left Yucatan. A young sculptor accompanied me to Chichen Itza, once the holy city of the Mayas and now overgrown by jungle. It was a moonlit night, such as it must have been when Felipe Carrillo walked about here, and the columns, the plumed serpents, the carved gods and warriors held an almost demoniac power. The sculptor took my hand and made me move along the outline of a god's profile. "Feel how smooth it is," he said. "A thousand years ago, living hands cut this image out of cold stone to give it warmth and life. Maya art was dedicated to the power and joy of existence. Come over here—they say this tiger holds the hearts of sacrificed men in his claws. I tell you these are not hearts, they are fruits." But what if the sculptor were wrong, if the tiger were eating hearts, after all? There is magic in Yucatan, but whether it is good or evil, how could a stranger tell?

# THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

## RECENT BOOKS IN SWITZERLAND

By René Elvin

As an admirer of Sir Max Beerbohm's mellow wit and urbane tolerance, I had quite a shock the other day to come across his fierce onslaught on the Swiss. "Not one painter, not one musician have they produced", he said; "only couriers, guides, waiters and other parasites. A smug, tame, sly, dull, mercenary little race of men, they exist by and for the alien tripper. They are the fine flower of commercial civilization, and they have never done anybody any harm."

I have neither the wish nor the credentials to make myself the advocate of the Swiss, who do not need my help anyway. But I have on my desk an imposing pile of books sent to me from Switzerland in the past few months which decisively refute part at least of that surprising outburst. "Not one painter"? Among these books is François Fosca's *Histoire de la peinture suisse* (Editions du Rhône, Geneva), which I should like Sir Max to read. He would find an intelligent and discriminating account of generation after generation of Swiss artists, from Conrad Witz, Urs Graf and Niklaus Manuel to Liotard, Fussli and Hodler; they included perhaps few geniuses of the first order (the greatest, Hans Holbein the Younger, was a Swiss only by adoption), but any number of virile and forceful talents well worth an art lover's careful study.

The first flowering of Swiss painting talent, at the time of the Renaissance, was also its climax. That period saw the zenith of the ascendancy of the thirteen Swiss cantons which, after defeating Burgundy, France and the Holy Roman Empire, might, but for divided councils, have become a great European power. As it was, they became their own worst enemies, frittered away their manhood in internecine strife, and allowed their famous infantry to be hired as mercenaries by the highest bidders. But among these terrible lansquenets then rampaging in Italy, we find, not altogether surprisingly, three of the most pungent war artists of all time, Urs Graf, Niklaus Manuel Deutsch and Hans Leu, whose work is briefly but ably reviewed by Aldo Crivelli in the magnificent album *Renaissance Art in Switzerland* (Lucien Mazenod, Geneva), and may without hyperbole be compared with Jacques Callot and even with the war etchings of Goya. The exuberant genius of *Urs Graf* is the subject of an excellent monograph by Hans Koegler (Urs Graf Verlag, Berne), the fascinating plates of which show a Dance of Death, in which the horrors of war, the brutality and lust of the soldiery, together with their naïve faith, are evoked with extraordinary power.

As always in the history of art, the flowering of the Renaissance had been prepared by the achievements of a previous generation, of which the foremost representative was undoubtedly *Meister Konrad Witz von Rottweill* whose lifework is studied in Paul Leonhard Ganz's book bearing that title (Urs Graf). Much of that work was destroyed by Protestants, but a few of his altar-pieces, notably the famous "Simon's Miraculous Draught of Fishes" with its lovingly detailed, realistic view of medieval Geneva, remain to show what a loss the world of art sustained. Paul Ganz's work, beautifully produced, like all the books mentioned here, is no mere monograph on the painter but also an absorbing story of his times full of revealing glimpses of pre-Reformation Geneva.

We jump nearly five centuries with Paul Wescher's *Die Romantik in der Schweizer Malerei* (Huber & Co., Frauenfeld). The period is the first few decades of the nineteenth century, and it is not easy to describe its keepsake charm, as expressed by the Swiss

*etits maîtres* of the time. It is made up partly of the unhurried if slightly finicky erfection of their draughtsmanship, of their occasional sly humour, but more perhaps f the serenity of the mountains they delighted to depict and of the poignant delight hat goes with the remembrance of things forever gone. The book's letterpress is as nformative as its plates are attractive.

The work of some of the painters mentioned in that work is not far removed from the olk art, whose more naïve, but no less colourful and pleasing creations are the subject of *chweizer Volkskunst* (Urs Graf). The variety displayed in the furniture, textiles, pottery nd masks reproduced in this volume, the perfect assurance of their design and the ultless taste and finish of their execution are astonishing.

The most forceful, perhaps the greatest and certainly the most characteristically Swiss rtist of the last 100 years, *Ferdinand Holder*, is the subject of another superbly produced olume recently published under that title (Rascher, Zürich) with a knowledgeable ntroduction by Walter Ueberwasser and more than 130 large-scale plates in colour and nonochrome, which well illustrate his over-lifesize and dramatically rhythmical style. eside him, the idyllic landscape painter *Rudolf Koller*, to whom an album of colour lates is devoted, appears unduly insignificant.

Swiss publications on art are far from being confined to the attractive but restricted eld of their native achievements. Thus, one of the most sumptuous volumes to reach e lately, *Rembrandt Radierungen* (Manesse Verlag, Zürich) is entirely devoted to productions of the Dutch master's etchings and forms the most complete catalogue of em published anywhere since Hind's compilation of 1912, which it far surpasses in the uality and fidelity of its facsimiles. These black-and-white jottings, the most intimate nd personal utterances of Rembrandt's mighty mind, make up in the aggregate a piritual world of experience, wisdom and faith, comparable only to Leonardo's note-ooks and to Beethoven's string quartets, which no art lover can ignore.

Michelangelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel have often been photographed, but never ore beautifully or with more telling detail than in *Die Fresken des Michelangelo* (Atlantis erlag, Zürich). Dr. Deoclecio Redig de Campos provides a brief but illuminating ntroduction.

While representing a less exalted realm of art than the volumes just mentioned, *enezianische Zeichnungen aus dem 18. Jahrhundert* (Fretz & Wasmuth, Zürich) is perhaps n even more remarkable technical *tour de force* : the charcoal and red chalk drawings by uardi, Tiepolo, Canaletto, Longhi and other Venetian eighteenth century artists are so perbly reproduced that they might almost be taken for originals. One only wishes hat the lavish care expended on these plates had been devoted to more significant works, hough those offered here do give an excellent idea of the easy elegance natural to these ns of the world's most artificial and art-loving city.

The masterpieces of Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige and their disciples, with their old, firm strokes and flat colours, are easier to reproduce, and they receive full justice Willy Boller's *Meister des Japanischen Farbholzschnittes* (Urs Graf). The compre-ension of these graphic epigrams, with their constant allusions to traditions and events nknown to the western world, requires careful elucidation and the author here teaches one having authority, and not as the scribes.

The newer movements in European painting are also well represented in recent publi-tions, notably that perennially fresh source of delight, the French schools of the nine-enth and twentieth centuries in the new series *Scherz Kunstbücher* edited by Gotthard dlicka. Monographs on *Courbet* by Hans Naef, on *Utrillo* by Pierre Courthion, on *lanet* by Benno Reifenberg, on *Van Gogh* by Georg Schmidt, on *Delacroix* by François osca, and on *Renoir* by the editor of the series, have already been published (Alfred cherz, Berne). Well illustrated with colour and monochrome plates, the series, which to be continued, should have more information and data for the incipient art lover han are contained in the volumes mentioned.

The curious attractiveness of modern primitives like Rousseau and Bombois, with their naïve lyrical charm, has seldom been comprehensively studied ; this has now been superlatively well done for five of them by the late Wilhelm Uhde in *Fünf Primitive Meister* (Atlantis, Zürich).

Apart from art books, perhaps the most valuable contributions of Swiss publishers to the reconstruction of the European cultural heritage are their excellent editions of the classics. Among those recently again made available by them are the works of the nineteenth century north-German lyric poet and story writer *Theodor Storm* (Bühl Verlag, Herrliberg), of the arch-romantic mystic *Novalis* (Bühl), of the graceful and humorous Swabian poet *Eduard Mörike* (Atlantis), and of the pungent *Aphorisms* of Georg Christian Lichtenberg (Manesse, Zurich). The excellent " Manesse Bibliothek der Weltliteratur " has extended its scope to include *Mozarts Briefe*, an attractive selection of the composer's exuberant and sometimes poignant letters ; Carl Schurz's *Lebenserinnerungen*, the autobiography of an unaccountably neglected German-American liberal statesman ; and *Schön ist die Jugend*, an anthology of youthful memories of great and near-great German writers. A complete and exemplary edition of Goethe's works is in preparation by Artemis-Verlag, of which the *Conversations with Eckermann* are already out. Curiously, it has been left to a London publisher (Phaidon Press) to re-edit that modern classic, the late Egon Friedell's magnificent panorama of European history, *Kulturgeschichte der Neuzeit*, a conspectus of majestic sweep of outlook that is still too little known. Another valuable addition to historical literature is Werner Richter's crisp, lively and well-balanced history of modern France, *Frankreich von Gambetta zu Clemenceau* (Eugen Rentsch, Erlenbach). A brief but useful history of German literature, compiled by a number of Swiss scholars under the editorship of Bruno Boesch, *Deutsche Literaturgeschichte in Grundzügen* (A. Francke, Berne), helps to fill an appreciable gap in the text books now available to students.

The remarkable cultural activity of the Swiss is undoubtedly due to a large extent to their sound methods of education, about which *L'Instruction publique en Suisse*, by Louis Jaccard (Payot, Lausanne) gives comprehensive information. It is one of the subjects in which Great Britain might with advantage learn from little Switzerland.

Another is the clean, graceful and well-planned design of their new buildings, of which we get an excellent sampling in Paul Artaria's *Weekend and Country Houses* (Verlag für Architektur, Erlenbach). The author, himself a well-known Swiss architect, has covered the subject by the approved comparative method and clearly displays the characteristic features of modern trends in building as interpreted in various countries. It should provide a highly serviceable handbook for both students and lovers of architecture, all the more useful for having an English as well as a German text.

Finally, and perhaps not least in importance, five massive volumes are now being published under the title *Ein Jahrhundert Schweizer Bahnen* (Huber, Frauenfeld) to celebrate the centenary of the Swiss railways that evidence both the engineering skill of the Swiss and their love of beauty in architecture and books.

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**THE LAST DAYS OF EUROPE,** by Grigore Gafencu. *Muller.* 21s.

Until the archives of the Foreign Offices disgorge *all* the communications that passed between the statesmen and the chancelleries in the crucial years 1938-1939 Professor Namier's *Diplomatic Prelude* holds the field as the indispensable source-book. Beside that massive volume M. Gafencu's reconstruction of the European scene on the eve of Armageddon is small beer indeed. But, even though the issue depended essentially on the exchanges between the great powers (as all major questions do), it is instructive to follow the repercussions on that group of smaller States between Germany and Russia inevitably affected by a power-contest of which the stake

was Europe. M. Gafencu, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Rumania from December 23, 1938, up to the outbreak of war, tells here the story of his journey to the various capitals in the spring of 1939 in order to size up the situation.

He begins, appropriately enough, with a conversation in a train with Colonel Beck who was on his way to Berlin to "talk turkey" (as he fondly imagined) with the Germans after the occupation of Prague and Memel and following Hitler's recall of his Ambassador from Warsaw and refusal to see M. Lipski. With pathetic faith in his "independent" policy for Poland Colonel Beck explained his rejection of any network of multilateral and mutual assistance pacts and his intention of abiding by Pilsudski's "policy of equilibrium"—non-aggression pacts with Poland's eastern neighbours and the traditional pacts with France and Rumania, now reinforced, however, by Mr. Chamberlain's guarantee declaration of March 31, the herald of another bilateral pact. By this diplomatic jugglery (signifying re-insurance) the Polish Foreign Minister was sure he had safeguarded Danzig. "In reality he delivered himself to Hitler, bound hand and foot." His obstinacy was—as Hitler appreciated—to compromise not only the relations between Poland and Russia but even more the whole Allied policy of security. Then M. Gafencu himself made tracks for Berlin for talks with Ribbentrop, Göring and Hitler himself. Hitler at that time was still loudly professing his desire to come to a working agreement with Great Britain. The factors governing British policy are the subject of two subsequent chapters, after a brief interlude in Brussels at which King Leopold voiced *his* fears of collective security engagements. Thence to Paris and Rome and the return journey *via* Belgrade. Later M. Gafencu visited Ankara and Athens.

In England M. Gafencu was "the traveller who had just seen Hitler" and as such had the privilege of a talk with the King and Queen, and with Mr. Churchill as well as Lord Halifax. As (temporary) president of the Balkan Entente he was able to assure Mr. Churchill that the "great military coalition" which he was sponsoring—an active military association not just another integer of collective security—was entirely in accordance with their views. But the link with Russia was all-important. On that side Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax continued to falter, whereas the French, according to M. Gafencu—even the slippery M. Georges Bonnet—were clear-sighted and realistic. France was hamstrung, however, by her internal crisis. The author gives high marks to the architects of Soviet policy for doing what was clearly to Russia's best advantage in the circumstances. There is an interesting account of the mission of M. Potemkin to Bucharest and the other Balkan capitals early in May 1939 with its timely reassurances. But everything depended on "a happy outcome of the negotiations between Moscow and the West. . . . These negotiations were to be the framework into which we all would enter." The author refrains from directly imputing blame, but it is perfectly clear that this country, under the amateurish direction of Mr. Chamberlain, bears a heavy responsibility for what actually happened.

M. Gafencu's book is not exciting—the translation by Mr. Fletcher Allen is undistinguished—but it is useful contributory evidence.

WILLIAM RYDAL.

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**CZECHOSLOVAKIA BETWEEN EAST AND WEST**, by William Diamond. *Stevens & Sons* (for The London Institute of World Affairs). *12s. 6d.*

Recent events have made this brilliant book a mere historical record. But it is history which has significance for wider circles than those interested in eastern Europe. For it projects with great clarity and detail the writing on the wall for all "sick and uncertain societies looking for something new and not being able to find it," a rubric which surely

covers all States in the world outside the Soviet Union. Dr. Benes believed that a mature industrialized State can bring about the necessary change from one econonic and social system to another without violence or jumping to a dialectical antithesis, and prescribed a " socializing democracy ". The Benes experiment is over, and Masaryk is dead. The Czechs could not do it—despite their political maturity, their western humanism and their centuries of experience in the art of political compromise.

It is impossible to assess the meaning of events in Czechoslovakia since February from the press alone. This book gives the full rich background of political material which alone can explain what has happened. The path of Czechoslovakia was determined when in 1943 Dr. Benes signed up with Russia for twenty years. At Moscow, and later at Teheran and Yalta, the great powers decided her rôle was to be a " good neighbour " of the Soviet Union. Subsequent developments have but reflected the increasing lack of neighbourliness between the great powers themselves.

Here can be read the full and carefully checked facts about those amazingly rapid post-liberation developments, the political parties, their agreed initial Kosice programme and its extension under the Gottwald Government after the 1946 elections, the Two Year Plan and its early enthusiasms and successes, and then the approaching impasse and the break-up of the National Front over fundamental issues. The final explosion came after the writer finished his work ; but anyone who wants to know why it came will find most of the answers given or suggested. Granted peace a " free Czechoslovakia in a free Europe " could have worked out her destiny in conformity with her true interests and traditions. Most Czechs, even Communists, know that the isolation from the west which will now descend upon them is a manifestation of political neurosis rather than a reflection of economic reality and interest. Pan-Slav pipedreams and the inebriating prospect of taking (with the Poles) the industrial place of Germany cannot disguise the miserable drudgery of the chosen path of a Soviet satellite. But the world is in two camps—and in such a world no small country can live a normal, sane life. Can any country ?

EWAN WALLIS-JONES.

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**ITALY IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR,** by Pietro Badoglio. *Oxford University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL,** by B. H. Liddell Hart. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

What would have happened if Mussolini's Italy had stayed out of the war or come in on the side of the Allies ? What would have been the course of events if the German armies had attempted to force the passage of the Channel a few weeks after our withdrawal from Dunkirk ? Such questions must remain for all time a matter of historical conjecture. But now, in making our guess among so many unknowns and imponderables, there are beginning to be available a number of facts and certainties from the enemy side. In judging Marshal Badoglio's account of his own conduct and that of his country, it is important to remember that though the book is now published in England for the first time, it was finished in the original in July 1944.

Several of his comments, notably those on the relationship between Russia and the western powers, make quaint reading in a work that comes fresh from the press. But for the greater part there is little that Marshal Badoglio would have been likely to phrase differently had he been writing last week. All that he says is interesting ; much of it is illuminating. Some of it will stand as a vital source of evidence when the historians of to-morrow come to analyse Europe's second attempt at suicide.

It is natural that the former Chief of the Italian General Staff, who must have

ren much of his life to the study of ategy from within the Italian peninsula, ould have watched with critical interest Allied conduct of the Mediterranean npaign. He questions in particular decision to attack through Sicily and t our way laboriously up the whole gth of Italy. Marshal Badoglio's ntention is that we should have by-sed Sicily, and made our original ding on Sardinia.

The occupation of Sardinia would not have presented greater naval and military difficulties to the Allies than that of Sicily, while their information services ought to have told them that there were fewer enemy forces in Sardinia than in Sicily. A landing between Civitavecchia and Leghorn would have seriously menaced the German lines of communication with southern Italy. And in Sardinia there were good aerodromes for use as bases for fighter aircraft.

But even if the Sicilian plan is accepted having been the sounder, Marshal loglio would still criticize the timing the Salerno landing. The operation alerno was planned for September 8, 3, to coincide with the announcement the Italian surrender. Marshal loglio considers that the date should e been September 12 or even tember 15.

n the first place, he points out, the hth Army was still too far from rno to give support during the ical phase of the Salerno landing. ther could Montgomery draw off ny German troops because "the mans were not so unwise as to send ps into a country so mountainous so roadless as Calabria." In the nd place Marshal Badoglio claims on September 8 he himself had not pleted his arrangements to meet the itable German reaction to Italian render, and that he therefore urgently nested that the announcement should delayed by at least four days. His nest was not accepted. Both the ing and the announcement were made September 8-9—which in Marshal oglio's words "entirely upset our s and brought us to the brink of ruin." After the event the reasons for the requested delay were explained to General Eisenhower in greater detail. Marshal Badoglio reports him as saying: "I am inclined to believe that I have made a mistake."

The German generals in Captain Liddell Hart's account are at a disadvantage compared with Marshal Badoglio in that they do not speak for themselves. For the most part the book is based on reported conversations between the author and captured German commanders and chiefs of staff. Sometimes the author quotes them direct. Sometimes he quotes their own accounts of conversations with Hitler. Inevitably the information is at second or at third hand—and inevitably one is left remembering that "what the soldier said isn't evidence." Nevertheless, Captain Liddell Hart has a remarkable gift for presenting military problems to the lay reader, and he has written a fascinating narrative. Sometimes one may smile at the unanimity with which the defeated German commanders explain away their reverses. Always they were on the point of winning, or at worst of extricating their forces from disaster, when a personal order from Hitler intervened and they were forced, against their own wishes, to make the false move that ruined them. This may be true or it may not. Certainly it is a theory which will prove of the utmost convenience next time somebody wants to revive the legend about the infallibility of the German General Staff.

GORDON WINTER.

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**TWENTIETH-CENTURY EMPIRE** by H. V. Hodson. *Faber and Faber.* 15*s.*

Few people can have Mr. Hodson's qualifications for undertaking a survey of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Trained as an economist, his peacetime career as a journalist, his wartime duties as an administrator, have taken him to most of the Dominions and Colonies; and his work as head of the Empire Division of the Ministry of Information

has made him familiar with the problems which affect them all. He thus writes with authority on the Empire as it is and passes on naturally to discuss its chances of survival. He begins by discarding Mercator as a lie and showing—on Mollweide's projection—that the Empire "is not far-flung, but relatively compact". It is grouped, he argues, round the North Atlantic and the Indian Ocean. It is, moreover, a geographical necessity which, did it not exist, would have to be invented. He comments fairly on past neglect and on the dangers of bureaucracy, concluding that "the end of the British-Indian Empire seems to have been encompassed just in time." He sees that migration within the Commonwealth is no substitute for a needed increase in the total white population. He holds, nevertheless, that the Empire remains a great power and should be maintained as such.

In discussing ways and means Mr. Hodson is emphatic that "the old Empire . . . which we knew and were brought up to admire, is past and finished." Constitutional progress of the familiar kind is now but a cause of disunity and weakness, and the nationalism of many colonial populations is undermined in turn by the nationalism of their component races. Mr. Hodson sees the "Twentieth-Century Commonwealth" as a federation with a federal assembly and a central government under the Crown. And he sees its major contribution to the world as its example of tolerance and its living demonstration that "democracy is not moving inexorably towards either Fascism or Communism, but is a lively, durable and excellent order of society." This theme is ably developed in the final chapters of a work which deserves to be widely read, both for its informed analysis and its suggested policy.

Books proposing a remedy for present ills are liable, however, to be outmoded while still in proof. Despite last-minute additions, Mr. Hodson's book has not wholly escaped this danger. For a Federation of Western Europe is now strongly urged; and if Britain's European leadership is compatible (as it may be) with Empire, we need at least to see how the two ideas will merge. On this Mr. Hodson has little to say. Nor, surprisingly, does he seem to regard Scotland and Wales as probable member states in the federation he would advocate. A more fundamental criticism of his proposed political structure is that it centres upon a Council which is, in effect, a Commonwealth Parliament and one with a head-counting basis for its membership. This is to add one more to the many elected representative bodies with which, by precept and example, we have covered the world. Are we so satisfied with them that we have to repeat their defects on this larger scale?

C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON.

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**THE FORMATIVE YEARS**, by Henry Adams. Condensed and edited by Herbert Agar. *Collins.* 2 Vols. 42*s*.

The gloomy, introspective and penetrating author of *The Education of Henry Adams* has for some time been a rising star in the literary firmament of the United States. His analysis of the plight of the intellectual "D.P." in a world which prefers the dynamo to the Virgin, stupidity to intelligence and power to peace has steadily gained in appeal for the present generation of Americans. On this side of the Atlantic his reputation for treating a New World theme with a more-than-Old-World allusiveness and obliquity has kept him from winning as wide a circle of readers as he deserves. Those who would like so dry a vintage are liable to shy at its American label. Perhaps, in reducing the great nine-volume *History of the United States* to a manageable compass, Herbert Agar has found the passport which will introduce this most remarkable mind to a wider English public.

Mr. Agar's condensation has been effected by leaving out all the footnotes (there are not many of these) and many

f the quotations from source material. hese constitute the principal cuts; here are others, and those who know the riginal will sigh at some of them, but nce the concept of a " potted Adams " as been admitted, they were almost ertainly inevitable. Those who want he full text can still take it down from he library shelves where it has been ccumulating learned dust; the justifica- ion of these two volumes will surely be hat they will attract many readers who ould never have braved the original ine. And when one considers what nsight, what breadth of interpretation, hat pungency of expression have lain irtually buried in the *History* for so ng, one must be strangely wedded to he dogma of non-abbreviation to regret his exercise in literary rejuvenation.

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H. G. NICHOLAS.

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**ESTIMATING HOUSING NEEDS,** by Alexander Block. *Architectural Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In many of its aspects town planning has now become an exact science. Whether the problem is one of creating a new town, as for example Harlow, or of correcting the defects in an existing urban area, as in the County of London Plan, planners are agreed on certain fundamental principles of zoning, communications and the lay-out of civic, industrial and housing areas.

The largest area of any town planning project must necessarily be devoted to housing, but as Mr. Block points out in the early chapters of his book, there is within the main consideration of volume, the equally important problem of effecting a balance between various family types and this is in turn dependent on the social structure of the community as a whole. In analysing the information to be gained from past census returns Mr. Block points out that future returns, to be of use to the town planner, must record not only the number of " houses " but also the number of " households". Detailed analysis shows that during the period 1911-1931 the total population increased by ten per cent. while the number of households increased by thirty per cent. and that the increase in the number of small families accounts for much of this increase in households. The ubiquitous three-bedroom house, the so-called " average " house, scattered over the countryside, will not make for housing sufficiency.

How will population changes affect our housing needs ? The biological capacity of the population to produce households is decreasing, but the economic factor is now working in the opposite direction and is gaining momentum. The author admits that an immediate forecast, so soon after a world war, is impossible. Housing policy has at present only one task, that of creating enough houses for no one to go without. At the same time it is necessary to find out how many people there are, and it is a surprisingly large number, who are at present living in other peoples' houses but actually planning to set up a home of their own.

With a little more information added to that already at our disposal, particularly regarding trends of population and the biological condition of existing households, it should be possible to calculate the number of households required. The present number will necessarily increase, but at a diminishing rate, so that there is an opportunity of catching up with arrears in a shorter time than might at first seem possible. A survey of statistics shows that in the first thirty years of this century there was a continuous housing shortage. This phase came to an end about 1931 and a period of transition followed during which definite inroads into that shortage were made. Taking into account the war years, the author estimates that by 1961 a period of equilibrium, based on self-sufficiency, should have been reached. Whether this period will recede into the dim future depends on the vigour of our economic planning.

Mr. Block's argument is well reinforced by figures and statistics, and there are many graphs and diagrams in the text. His book is obviously the result of much original and thorough research and will appeal both to the sociologist and the town planner.

ARTHUR M. FOYLE.

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**RELIGIOUS LIBERTY,** by Cecil Northcott. *S.C.M. Press.* 6*s.*

**WORLD CHRISTIANITY,** by Henry P. van Dusen. *S.C.M. Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The most important part of Mr. Northcott's timely and useful little book is the long chapter, occupying nearly one

half of the volume, in which he sets out fully and accurately the threat to religious freedom in our modern world, and this summary of profoundly disturbing facts is a mine of valuable information. Those who use it can rely on it as being both dependable and verifiable, and he has indeed, rather underdrawn than overdrawn the picture. Broadly speaking, he sees the enemy as some form of totalitarianism, whether it be the totalitarian State, especially as the expression of an avowedly secularist philosophy of life, or totalitarian religion. In effect he takes us on a world tour and shows us how, in every continent, the forces that imperil religious freedom are both powerful and aggressive. Russia, India, China and South America all come under review, and the threat from Islamic countries on the one hand, and from countries where the State and the Roman Catholic Church work hand in hand is fairly but uncompromisingly stated.

That excellent and, indeed, almost indispensable central chapter is preceded by three chapters in which he discusses the nature of Christian liberty, the fortunes of religious liberty in history, and the ground of Christian liberty in the Christian insistence on the idea of the supreme value of the individual, and it is followed by one in which he suggests that the United Nations Organization should embody the right to religious freedom in an International Bill of Rights. He accepts William Penn's stress upon freedom to choose one's religion as providing the indispensable element in religious freedom, and his account of the historical relationships of the churches to the conception is scrupulously just, but one has the impression that, once he gets away from ascertainable facts, he walks with somewhat less sure step.

He does not, for example, at any point come to grips with what is always the problem with "rights", and no less with this right of religious freedom than with any other—the conflict between rights themselves. In this

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LINDSAY DRUMMOND

country our freedom has of late received considerable curtailment in the name of justice and that situation is reflected in more countries than our own. It is likely indeed to be a world situation in the near future.

Nor does Mr. Northcott sufficiently face the problem of the emergence of our totalitarian States and which derives from the rise of the German historical school of law in the early part of the nineteenth century. That school completely dissolved the idea of natural law and set the custom of the community, afterwards developed into the conception of the State, as the fountain of all law. Mr. Northcott's suggestion of an International Bill of Rights is admirable, but the guess may be hazarded that unless the idea of natural law can be revived, as happily there are some signs that it is being, the Bill of Rights would be of no lasting value. This is an admirable book for its careful statements of facts ; not quite so trustworthy on matters of deeper principle.

Dr. van Dusen writes with the forthcoming inauguration of the World Council of Churches at Amsterdam in mind and he starts with the thesis that the war has proved that the Church is " the one indomitable, invincible champion of human rights . . . the omnipresent, dauntless ministrant to human need . . . the one invulnerable, indestructible world community " and claims that there is now in fact a world church. He then proceeds to examine the way in which that world church has come into being and describes the method of its functioning in the modern world.

It is his discussion of the world church of tomorrow, however, which shows him at his best and most pertinent. A global task calls for a global church, but corporate re-union must be preceded by the stage of co-operation. Then follows a really brilliant analysis of the problems that have to be solved if that co-operation is to be really effective. This analysis is bound up with the forthright declaration that none of the great classic theologies can provide the basis for the faith and life of the Church to-day, and that the Church, as well as the world, has come to one of those great periodic crises of rebirth. The volume is wise, welcome and well-informed, and no better handbook to the great movements which are stirring in Protestantism has been written.

B. C. PLOWRIGHT.

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**YOUNG MR. NEWMAN,** by Maisie Ward. *Sheed & Ward.* 21*s.*

The conversion to Rome of J. H. Newman was the most notable event in his life, and the commentary upon it his most notable book, but his creative historical achievement lies almost entirely within the Church of England. If surface matters alone are considered, there is hardly an Anglican altar left that does not owe much of its appearance to the influence of the Tractarian movement which Newman, with Keble and Pusey, led. In doctrine, by seeking to demonstrate the foundations of Anglicanism in " that old system which the Apostles founded ", the Tractarians gained a victory less wide but nevertheless remarkable and enduring. That Newman himself could not content himself with the *via media*, " eschewing both the meretricious gaudiness of the church of Rome and the squalid sluttery of the fanatical conventicles " (as a seventeenth century preacher put it), was owed to a mind more logical than is possessed or even trusted by most Englishmen.

Keble was great in character, Pusey in scholarship and holiness, Newman in intellect. The movement of Newman's mind is the most exciting thing about him, and this book fails to do it justice. Its strength lies in a great number of hitherto unpublished letters, mainly between Newman and his family. It is pleasant, for instance, to have Newman, the controversialist for all the domestic occasion, rebuking his brother who had said their mother's wish for servants

sprang from pride :

> She does with as few servants as possible—and perhaps your own experience abroad will show you that to dispense with servants altogether and keep one's own house in order oneself is not the way to improve one's talents or do most good. . . . When I engage servants, it is a mutual engagement, for the good of all. They do what they are fitted to do and which I for want of training cannot do—and I in turn do good, first to them, then to others, or at least ought to do.

We profit, too, from the letters from the Mediterranean, written home during that momentous and solitary piece of travel which gave to the world " Lead, kindly, light " and increased for Newman his emotional veneration of antiquity. Many of these new letters, however, are on themes he handled more finely in his published writings, and, in spite of his deep affections, Newman's family correspondence lacks charm.

A valuable side of the book is its picture of Oxford in the 1830's and 1840's. University teachers took sides vigorously and declared their intellectual positions. Dr. Hampden, appointed Regius Professor of Divinity by Lord Melbourne, was a noted Liberal and anti-dogmatist, and the campaign waged against him by the orthodox ended in Convocation's forbidding him any share in choosing university preachers, because " the University had no confidence in him in theological matters." It was a fine shindy. Blanco White wrote that " the grossest spirit of Mysticism and Popery has revived at Oxford." There was a harshness in the pamphleteering and the lobbying of this time. But at least men's beliefs mattered to other men. Young men were drawn to Newman because he did not hide where he stood on the deepest matters ; *cor ad cor loquitur*. So always should it be in universities.

WALTER JAMES.

DENT

**Men at High Table**
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DENT

# BOOKS ON THE TABLE

No part of the old order looks like putting up a more successful fight for their continued existence than the public schools. Yet, did circumstances permit, the cry for equality might already have sounded their knell. For too long the public schools have been aloof. They have not seen themselves in the rôle of big brothers to the State system but as something apart. Such an attitude is no longer tenable and the reprieve granted should be better used. How, the Rev. Spencer Leeson outlines in one of four essays in his book THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS QUESTION (*Longmans, Green.* 8*s.* 6*d.*). Of the value of the public schools Canon Leeson has no doubt. He avows that: "It is a great educational experience to belong for five years to so close-knit a community as a school house" and argues that what "we hope to see is a large extension of boarding accommodation, the public schools operating as it were on the flank of this movement, providing a certain number of places themselves and offering their long experience in this field to assist the growth of the new State boarding schools." This experiment has already started. One or two local authorities are about to establish their own boarding schools and many public schools are accepting a few pupils from the counties and county boroughs.

## A big subject

Canon Leeson deserves thanks for presenting four educational problems against their background of fact. The facts of State educational administration and development are little known. Until recently only a tiny body of enthusiasts were aware of them and books about them had a minute sale. Since 1944, the year of the great Education Act, interest has quickened, and to meet this late awakening THE SILENT SOCIAL REVOLUTION, by G. A. N. Lowndes (*Oxford University Press: Geoffrey Cumberlege.* 10*s.*) has been reissued. The book gives an account of the expansion of public education in England and Wales and for the interested citizen it is the best there is. It is a pity perhaps that the narrative still ends at 1935 but the ten years that have past since it was first published have not impaired its value.——But education is a big subject. So big that few attempt to encompass all its sub-sections within their knowledge. One of these, further education, has had for a year a magazine of its own. In June, FURTHER EDUCATION (*Turnstile Press.* 5*s.*) became a quarterly. In its new format, which allows articles of several thousand words, and with Hunter Diack as editor, it promises well to make its own special contribution to educational knowledge.

## Tradition's place

One other educational problem, now often debated: its aim and how to achieve it. There are those, knowing nothing of tradition, who delight in spurning it; others perhaps give it too high a place. Yet before the reader casts his vote, to influence the educational system in one direction or another, he would do well to take up from the table TRADITIONS OF CIVILITY, by Sir Ernest Barker (*Cambridge University Press.* 21*s.*). This is a book of eight essays and five of them, as Sir Ernest tells, are united by the common theme of the legacy of Greece. The volume is

nportant. Sir Ernest's reminder that e is harvesting from seeds sown long go warns us that here thought must be avoured. Harvesting, he says, is a enefit of retirement and the autumn of fe ; gratefully it is one, at any age, we re privileged to share.

### 'ast faces the future

The autumn of life, alas, was not long nough for Elie Halévy to complete his reat history of the English people uring the nineteenth century. The olume we have just been given THE AGE OF PEEL AND COBDEN (*Ernest Benn.* 25*s.*) was left unfinished and it is ue to his friend, Paul Vaucher, that it ppears to add distinction to a remarkable eries. Of all periods, the one between 841 and 1852 saw in one of its most ersonalized forms the tug-of-war etween the future and the past. As M. Vaucher writes, Halévy chose 1852 s the climax of the volume (after onsidering the claims of 1860) because he revolution effected by the adoption f free trade might be considered as omplete by that date.——Within the ates of Halévy's volume were working wo men, whose influence was to out-trip that of Peel and Cobden. Their ames, Engels and Marx. In 1848 was ublished MANIFESTO OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY (*George Allen and Unwin. Cloth.* 7*s.* 6*d.* ; *paper,* 3*s.* 6d.). This ew edition, with a long explanatory ntroduction by Professor Harold J. aski, is the outcome of a decision of he National Executive Committee of the abour Party to celebrate the manifesto's entenary.

### entham's influence

Jeremy Bentham's long life ended early ten years before the start of Halévy's volume but his influence or that f his school is apparent throughout and ong afterwards. As Mr. Wilfrid Harrison writes in his scholarly introduction to a new edition of A FRAGMENT ON GOVERNMENT and AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PRINCIPLES OF MORALS AND LEGISLATION (*Basil Blackwell.* 9*s.* 6*d*) :

> it would be difficult to over-state the importance of the achievements of Benthamism in England. They include two fundamental alterations in the methods of government—the establishment of legislation as the primary means of reform, and of central control and inspection as means for the direction of administration. Benthamism further gave shape to the equally fundamental reforms of the Poor Law and of Local Government ; to the inception of a Public Health Service ; to far-reaching reforms of legal procedure and of the provisions for access to the Courts ; to extensive humanitarian reforms of penal laws, and to laws for the protection of children and animals.

——Chadwick was a Benthamite and it was he who was as responsible as anyone for the 1833 Act to regulate the Labour of Children and Young Persons in the Mills and Factories of the United Kingdom, the Act which appointed factory inspectors. The tale is told again in THE EARLY FACTORY LEGISLATION, by Maurice W. Thomas (*The Thames Bank Publishing Co.* 35*s.*), a finely documented work in which the narrative relates the facts gracefully and without exaggeration.

### Penal reform

Bentham's *Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation* was intended as the introduction to his penal code. In THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT (*Faber and Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*) Sir Leo Page argues a case needing one would have thought, in ignorance, no advocate. He is pleading for a better preparation of judges (used here for all those who sentence offenders) for their task. " I do not regard it as an extravagant proposal," he writes, " that no public servant should be allowed to order punishment if he is ignorant of what the punishment consists." Yet he assures us that there are judges who have sat for eight or ten years who have never seen the inside of a prison or Borstal institution.——Yet wise and sympathetic understanding is not lacking in our London courts if MY COURT CASEBOOK (*Sylvan Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*) is a faithful guide. Maurice Wiggin, whose court sketches appear night by night in the London *Evening Standard,* detects unerringly the point where minds meet and recoil according to the point of view. A true humanitarian, but not a senti-

mentalist, each of his stories has its hallmark.

### To sea

But courts are stuffy places from which it is good to get away to renew acquaintance with Captain Joshua Slocum. Slocum was a man after every boy's heart whose adventures can now be read again in SAILING AROUND THE WORLD (*Rupert Hart-Davis.* 8*s.* 6*d*). This welcome reprint, generously produced and illustrated, appears with Slocum's VOYAGE OF THE LIBERDADE, less well known but with the same keen breeze blowing through its pages. Arthur Ransome—and who could do the job better ?—writes an introduction. ——How welcome these reprints are ! Another is TREASURE ISLAND (*Camden Classics* : *Paul Elek.* 10*s.* 6*d.*). Old Pew can still send a thrill of horror down the spine and Jim Hawkins is still—me. The drawings in this edition are by John Minton. They may do for a new reader for whom Robert Louis Stevenson's characters are not yet etched on the mind. I can't tell.

### Holiday times

It is a softer air and a less adventurous ocean that most of us expect to meet these holiday months. For those who anticipate long days on the sands and searching with children in pools SEA-SHORE LIFE OF BRITAIN, by L. R. Brightwell (*Batsford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*) is likely to suit. As most Batsford books this one is splendidly illustrated and from the text and drawings one may hope reasonably to add one more rung to reputation's ladder for being a fascinating fellow when on leave.——Tastes differ on how a holiday should be spent and with petrol back not a few may prefer to examine the COUNTRY OF THE THAMES (*Chaterson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*). Annan Dickson's book is handy for the pocket and plentifully illustrated with photographs which will determine the wayfarer's road and path. Possets of history add the flavour of knowledge.——And to take with you perhaps ? Homer's ODYSSEY (*Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.*) in a new translation by S. O. Andrews, whose work in this *métier* has justly earned much praise, or A BOOK OF GYPSY FOLK TALES, selected by Dora E. Yates (*Phoenix House.* 12*s.* 6*d.*) ? These gypsy tales take one back to childhood ; mostly they are unfamiliar stories in a familiar mould. They come from all over the world.

### Cricket again

For many GONE TO THE CRICKET (*Longmans.* 9*s.* 6*d.*) will be the right kind of holiday this year, particularly if the Australians are anywhere by. John Arlott's book is about the 1947 season and the visit of the South Africans. He is as much concerned with personalities as with matches and his sketches of players including Compton of Middlesex, Wright of Kent and Washbrook of Lancashire make pleasant reading. His other book FROM HAMBLEDON TO LORD'S (*Christopher Johnson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*) introduces a number of famous pieces of cricketana ; Nyren's *Cricketers of my Time* and the Rev. James Pycroft's *The Cricket Field* are there. The new generation will welcome them.

But not everyone goes to the seaside, motoring or walking by the Thames, or watching cricket. Grace Banyard went to Eire, the chief attraction the Abbey Theatre. She will be back next month.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

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